

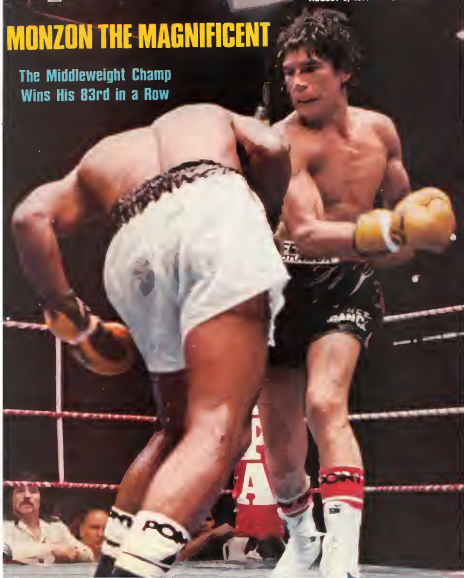
# Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 8, 1977

ONE DOLLAR

## MONZON THE MAGNIFICENT

The Middleweight Champ  
Wins His 83rd in a Row



Box or menthol:

# Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar.  
Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

## The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg / cigarette	nicotine mg / cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	25	1.6
Brand C Non-Filter	23	1.4
Brand W	19	1.2
Brand W 100	19	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand S Menthol	18	1.2
Brand S Menthol 100	18	1.2
Brand RH 100	18	1.0
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K Menthol	17	1.4

## Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg / cigarette	nicotine mg / cigarette
Brand P Box	15	0.8
Brand K Mid	14	0.9
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand D	13	0.9
Brand O Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.7
Brand V	10	0.7
Brand M Menthol	8	0.5
Brand M	8	0.5
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than *1	*0.1

\*tar per cigarette by FTC method



Soft pack-1 mg.  
Menthol-less than 1 mg.  
Box\*-less than 1 mg.

# Less than 1 mg. tar.

**Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.**

Of all brands, lowest Carlton 70 less than 0.5 mg. tar,  
.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC '76

Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC '76.  
Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

# What's a broken nose worth today?

If you were responsible for his injury, it could cost a lot more money than you'd like to think about.

Of course, there will be bills to cover the high costs of medicine, doctors, and hospitalization. There also may be substantial legal fees.

And then there is the question of whether an award is to be made for pain and suffering above and beyond medical costs. And if so, how much.

Fortunately, you have liability insurance. But because the costs of what it covers have been rising, your premiums have been rising, too.

Insurance, after all, is simply a means of spreading risk. Insurance companies collect premiums from many people and compensate the few who have losses.

The price of insurance must



reflect the costs of paying for those losses and the expenses of handling them.

*No one likes higher prices.  
But we're telling it straight.*

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INSURANCE COMPANIES  
THE POLICY MAKERS.**

Administrative Headquarters Morris Township New Jersey 07960

## IBM Reports

# Information: key to better service for you as a consumer.

Shoppers in a supermarket near Baltimore now spend nearly 30 percent less time in the checkout line. Guests of an Atlanta hotel can register in just seconds after their arrival. And at a Nebraska savings and loan association, customers can make deposits and withdrawals 40 percent faster than before.

The reason that customers of the supermarket, the hotel and the savings and loan association enjoy better, faster service is the same: computer-based systems provide these businesses with the information they need when they need it—current information about food prices, about available rooms, about account balances.

Minimizing delays is only one of the ways in which modern information technology—from computers to office systems—can be used to benefit the consumer.

For example, with timely, accurate information businesses can reduce the number of out-of-stock items, promptly answer customer inquiries, provide more personalized service and plan better to meet future consumer needs. Information technology is IBM's business—providing the tools for recording, processing, communicating, storing and retrieving information.

Clearly, such information tools are increasingly important in serving the consumer today. They will become even more essential in the future as the economy continues to grow in size and complexity. For instance, today the average supermarket stocks 50 percent more products on its shelves than it did 20 years ago. And, counting various sizes and colors, a large department store now offers a choice of more than a quarter of a million items.

When consumer choices expand in this way, so do the problems of business management. Fortunately, advances over the years have made it more and more economical for businesses to improve customer service through the use of information technology. For example, the cost of computer processing has come down at the rate of about 18 percent compounded annually during the past 20 years.

We at IBM are committed to developing a wide range of innovative new products using information technology—products that help put information to work for people.

The IBM logo, consisting of the letters "IBM" in a bold, sans-serif font.



Put your plants to work for you with

# Foliage House Plants

## The plant boom is on

All across the country — in suburban split-levels, in country homes, in big-city apartments and offices — people are discovering the challenge, the pleasure, the satisfaction of doing something new and exciting with plants. In *Foliage House Plants*, your introductory volume to *THE TIME-LIFE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GARDENING*, you'll discover hundreds of ingenious ways to work with plants. Special how-to-do-it illustrations show you exactly how to make a bottle terrarium, a window greenhouse, a miniature landscape garden. And you'll find solid, practical advice and no-nonsense directions on how to keep your plants healthy and happy for years. Here are some of the exciting things you'll discover in *Foliage House Plants*.

### Hang It, Trail It, Train It, Bottle It . . .

You don't have to be an interior designer to work decorating miracles with house plants. In *Foliage House Plants* we'll show you how to use the basic guidelines — scale, repetition, emphasis — to solve key decorating problems. You'll learn how to divide a large room into intimate areas with plants; how to shorten a long, narrow room with plants; how to round out troublesome corners with plants; how to create dramatic decorating effects with plants. To help you make the most of these ideas, we've included full-color photographs and special how-to illustrations to show you exactly what we're talking about.

### One Man's Cactus Is Another Man's Schefflera

The tremendous variety of house plants available today allows you to create the exact decorating effect you want. There are foliage house plants to suit every taste, every pocketbook. From hundreds of species you can select the color, patterns, sizes, shapes and textures that are right for you. *But how can you tell what they look like from a lot of Latin names?* That's why *Foliage House Plants* includes a special encyclopedia section with detailed water color paintings of 103 genera of foliage house plants. You'll also find an Appendix, which lists the characteristics, special uses, light and temperature requirements of 239 varieties of house plants.

### Getting the Most Out Of Your Green Thumb

Unlike flowering plants, whose blooms last only a week or two, foliage house plants provide you with pleasure and beauty year round, year after year. Provided, of course, that they receive the proper attention. *Foliage House Plants* offers you advice from an expert — James

## your introduction to THE TIME-LIFE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GARDENING



Matted foliage, like that of bird's-nest fern, gives an empty fireplace an elegant look in summer, especially when teamed by a pair of stately paradise palms.

Underwood Crockett, an eminent horticulturist, author of this volume and consultant to the Library. He'll show you how to start plants from stem cuttings, how to follow proper potting techniques, how to select healthy plants, how to provide the proper light, how to water plants, and how to use fertilizer properly.

Book size 8 1/2" x 11";  
each volume 160-176 pages,  
40,000 words, over 100 full-color  
photographs, plus dozens of line  
drawings, charts, diagrams

TIME  
LIFE  
BOOKS



#### Try Foliage House Plants FREE For 10 Full Days

Enjoy *Foliage House Plants* for 10 days as the guest of TIME-LIFE BOOKS. Study its contents. Try some of the decorating ideas. Look over its wealth of full-color illustrations. If you decide to keep it, you pay just \$6.95 plus shipping and handling. We'll then enter your subscription to *THE TIME-LIFE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GARDENING*, and other volumes will be shipped to you one volume at a time, approximately every other month. You keep only those volumes of special interest to you. If you wish to return a volume, you may do so within 10 days without any obligation whatsoever.

Each volume in *THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GARDENING* possesses the same unique qualities as *Foliage House Plants*. Solid information, how-to illustrations, no-nonsense directions for today's gardener. In *Fruits and Vegetables*, for example, you'll find special diagrams showing you how to get maximum use out of a small vegetable garden. In *Lawns and Ground Covers* we'll tell you about a variety of hardy ground covers that grow where grass won't . . . where mowing is impossible. In *Animals* we'll help you plan a garden that will be abloom with a variety of shapes and colors from early spring up to first frost.

*THE TIME-LIFE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GARDENING* is the kind of practical, show-me series you've been looking for. Why not begin your horticultural adventure today with *Foliage House Plants*? Use the handy postpaid order card attached; or write to TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Time-Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



Plant boxes set on casters can be arranged in a variety of ways to divide a long room or create an entrance hall where none exists.



# THE EASIEST



**You can learn to take great pictures in 42 seconds. With the new Pentax ME.**

The new Pentax ME is the smallest, lightest, easiest-to-use, fully automatic 35mm single lens reflex camera ever made.

All the complicated calculations a pro goes through, the Pentax ME does for you. Automatically. Precisely. Instantly. With its electronic brain.

You just set, focus, shoot—and get great pictures. It's as easy to use as a pocket camera, but it's built to satisfy the most demanding pro.

If you want to be sure to capture fast-moving events (diving, running, a ball game, a baby's first steps), you can add on the ME Auto Winder. It advances the film automatically. Far faster than you can by hand. So you can get a series of shots of all the action. You'll be doing rapid fire shooting. Just like the pros.

If you want special effects such as telephoto or wide angle shots, you can choose from among 40 different lenses. Then, as your knowledge of photography grows you can build a totally professional Pentax ME system.

Go see your photo dealer today. Ask for the 42-second demonstration. He'll show you how easy it is to get great pictures with the new Pentax ME. It couldn't be easier.

**PENTAX**  
CORPORATION



## BOOKTALK

By J. D. REED

**A SATIRICAL LOOK AT A TENNIS CLUB THAT IS SURE TO NET SOME GIGGLES**

"The proper method of playing mixed doubles is to hit the ball accidentally in the wisest player as hard and as accurately as possible." This is only one of "Roberts's Rules of Order" in Art Hoppe's hilarious, instructive new book *The Tiddling Tennis Thesaurus* (Viking, \$7.95), about the fortunes, affairs and Machiavellian plotings within the Tiddling Tennis Club. It is a fictional but thoroughly recognizable sporting club, a kind of M\*A\*S\*H for tennis players. "It is primarily up to the male," advises Roberts in his lecture on mixed doubles, "not only to maintain equanimity on his side of the net but to create dissension on the other."

John Doe Roberts, the middle-aged pro of the Tiddling Club, attired in yellowing white flannels and with a dead cigar clenched in his teeth, has never been known to hold a racket in his hand. He teaches by presenting to the student a yellow card from a stack he carries, each bearing one of several maxims—known collectively as Roberts's Rules of Order. Perhaps the maxim that best sums up his teaching methods is "Victory goes not to the swift but to the wily." That applies in the entire Tiddling Tennis Club and its games—a panorama of on-court chicanery and off-court intrigues.

The book includes among its many odd characters the Chinese barman Sam, who dreams of putting iodine in members' cocktails and ground glass in their peanuts. There is the equally venal Mrs. Agnes, who guards the door, sells elegant tennis equipment and clothes and keeps a harem list.

Hardly any type of tennis player escapes Hoppe's satiric eye. He has fun with everything from rules about kicking members' children off the courts to a handgrip-and-taping session among a set of geriatric doubles players.

To win the "Dee-Cup" away from rival Crestmarsh Racquet Club, Roberts devises his most elaborate and devious scheme, involving a ringer who turns out to be a 7'2" black ex-thug, the charms of a beautesse doubles player named Candy Kupp and a pair of men's doubles partners who hit mostly junk shots.

Art Hoppe has given us a look at the maddening and often comic world of club tennis. But it is more than a simple laugh. For in this compact tale is the residue of some home truths about sport and competition, about the win-at-all-costs thinking that has invaded amateur sports as deeply as the world of professional sports.

END



# FLAVOR TUBE IDEA REVOLUTIONIZES CIGARETTE SMOKING

**NEW L&M LIGHTS FILTER ACHIEVES 8 MG. "TAR,"  
DELIVERS 100% VIRGIN TOBACCO TASTE**

## Filter Revolution!

The unique Flavor Tube™ channels a stream of undiluted, full-flavored smoke through most of the filter length. Fiber filter surrounding the Flavor Tube keeps "tar" at a low 8 mg.

## Tobacco Revolution!

L&M Lights is the only cigarette made with just the tender "filet" of 100% virgin all-leaf tobacco. No tobacco by-products. No reconstituted tobacco. No added stems.

**REALLY  
REAL TASTE.  
ONLY 8MG. "TAR."**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Flavor Lights, Long Lights: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC Method.



# Happier quarter of a million

Chevette has already become an American favorite. A quarter of a million in less than two years. That's driving a lot of people happy.

**Happiness is a low-priced hatchback. Chevette Scooter. \$2999.**



That's the manufacturer's suggested retail price including dealer preparation. Tax, license,

destination charges and available equipment are additional. Prices are higher in California.

**Happiness is the highest gas mileage of any American-made car.**  
**43 MPG hwy. / 31 MPG city.**

When ordered with Chevette's available 1.6 litre engine with standard manual transmission. EPA figures are estimates.

Mileage will vary depending on type of driving, driving habits, car's condition and available equipment. In California, EPA figures are lower.

**Happiness is a car engineered to give service, not get it.**

Compare Chevette's extended recommended normal service intervals with those of leading imports. You'll see the difference. Then, consider that Chevette is serviced by the largest network of



## Chevy Chevette. It'll d

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ny dealers as VW, Toyota,  
i Datsun combined.

	CHEVY CHEVETTE	BATHUR 9-710	TOYOTA COROLLA
CHASSIS	✓	✓	✓
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OIL FILTER	✓	✓	✓
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FUEL FILTER	✓	✓	✓
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dealers' recommended maintenance per  
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## Happiness is lots of standard equipment.

One of the things that make people  
happy about buying a Chevette is  
all the standard  
equipment they  
get: four-foot-wide  
hatch, High  
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anti-corrosion protection, and  
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It's no surprise that Chevette is  
so popular. There are plenty of  
good folks who feel plenty good  
about their little Chevy . . . that's  
thousands of smiling faces.



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# EAT YOUR HEART OUT, RUSSIA.

The U.S. has done it again!  
Russia invented vodka a long  
time ago. Great! (Congratulations,  
Russia.) But it took some  
good old American know-how  
from Gilbey's to make vodka a

lot better. To pick only choice  
grains, to distill with care, to  
smooth the vodka, to make it  
taste delightfully crisp and clean.  
Try Gilbey's Vodka. It's the vodka  
the Russians wish they'd invented.



## GILBEY'S VODKA

You can't buy a better vodka for love nor rubles.

VODKA 20 PROOF DIST. FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS BY GILBEY LTD. (LONDON) LTD. IMPORTED BY THE GILBEY GROUP, INC. (NEW YORK, N.Y.) PRODUCT OF U.S.A.

# SCORECARD

Edited by SARAH PILEGGI

## BETTER TO GIVE

Leigh Steinberg is a 27-year-old Los Angeles lawyer who, if he combed his hair, put on a tie and sat up straight, could maybe pass for 24. Yet on behalf of his 30 athlete-clients, Steinberg bargains successfully with the corporate giants of sport. His latest contract negotiation was with the Chicago Bears for the services of University of California Offensive Tackle Ted Albrecht. Albrecht signed a five-year contract for \$425,000, reportedly the largest sum ever given a Chicago lineman.

Steinberg could be just another lawyer getting rich from making athletes rich, if it were not for an unusual agreement he has with his clients. Each athlete he represents agrees to two things: first, voluntarily to reduce his salary, should his team's owners reduce ticket prices. That idea came to Steinberg while he was negotiating his first contract after law school—Steve Bartkowski's with the Atlanta Falcons in 1975. Steinberg says that in the midst of talk about huge sums of money, it occurred to him that the fan was not being represented in the bargaining. "I love sports," Steinberg says, "and I don't want to see a day when the only tickets sold are corporate boxes." He would like to get the concept into his contracts, but so far no owner will go along.

Second, a Steinberg client agrees to recognize his debt to his high school, college, profession or community by a method of his own devising. Albrecht, for instance, has endowed an annual scholarship at his high school in Vallejo, Calif. Dave Hampton, the Oakland Raider running back, will give \$1 for every yard he gains this year to sickle-cell anemia research; Wide Receiver Steve Rivera of the 49ers contributes to the Special Olympics for the handicapped and gives tickets to boys' clubs; Joel (Cowboy) Parrish, the Cincinnati Bengal guard, has set up a high school scholarship back home in Douglas, Ga.; Running Back Mark Bailey of the K. C. Chiefs is planning ways

to help the aged in Southern California; Offensive Tackle Alfred Jenkins of the New Orleans Saints will donate to the United Negro College Fund.

Steinberg says his most imaginative client is Wide Receiver Pat McNally of Harvard and the Bengals, who, he says, "phones at all hours of the day and night to talk about colonizing a desert island, or establishing a home for starving woodcut artists or whatever."

To Steinberg's unusual mind, such thinking is good for the players, good for sport and useful as an antidote to stories about athletes with three Rolls-Royces and floor-length fur coats.

"What," he asks, "is a guy who makes eight, 10, 12 thousand a year supposed to think when he reads that Roy Jefferson is telling Congress how tough it is to live on \$65,000 a year?"

Steinberg, by the way, contributes to Amnesty International, the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, the United Fund and University of California football.

## MADCAP HANDICAP

Saturday at the Del Mar racetrack near San Diego was the kind of day Alec Guinness used to make very funny movies about. It seems that the armored transport company that delivers \$2.1 million to the track on weekend racing days showed up last Saturday morning \$1.9 million short. A snafu at the San Diego office, involving a new driver and a vault with a time lock, was said to be the cause.

While frantic calls went out from the track to San Diego businesses for assistance and while the transport company attempted, unsuccessfully, to break into its own vault, the public-address announcer tried to explain to 21,000 fans a 15-minute delay in the start of the first race. When racing finally did get under way with the help of \$250,000 raised locally, it proceeded slowly, because the cashiers could not pay off on win tickets until the money taken in by the ticket sellers had been counted.

Meanwhile, the transport company appealed to the Union Bank in Los Angeles, which made arrangements to send the missing money to San Diego by helicopter. But before the helicopter could take off, it was commandeered by the Forestry Service, which needed it to fight a fire. So the money was switched to an armored truck which set out on the two-hour trip south, picking up a police escort in San Clemente along the way.

Finally at 5:28 p.m., shortly before the featured seventh race went off with Bold Talent a heavy (2 to 5) favorite, the armored truck reached Del Mar, and the story ended happily for all. The last race was only an hour late, cashiers' windows remained open overtime, the track's mutual handle was a quarter of a million higher than the same day last year and the sun set prettily over the Pacific, out beyond the first turn.

Almost all, that is. Bold Talent ran out of the money.



## SWITCH PITCHER

Audrey Scruggs, 19, is a left-handed pitcher. He is also a right-handed pitcher. "I was born like that," he says. "I've got a glove that fits either hand." He isn't sure how strong his arms are because he has never pitched a full game with either one. That's because he'd rather switch than be sore.

Except right now he's sore at the Atlanta Braves, the organization that owns him. He thought he was going to pitch for Kingsport, Tenn. of the Appalachian Rookie League this year but the club or-

continued

dered him instead to Bradenton, Fla. of the Gulf Coast Rookie League, and he considers that a demotion. He refused to go, and the other day he received a letter of suspension.

As only a man can be who pitches with both arms, Scruggs says, "I'm confused." But if Scruggs ever gets straight, it could be the batters with the messed-up heads.

#### THE HEATS ON

For years right-minded sportsmen have been deploring the practice of "soring" show horses, particularly Tennessee walking horses, to add flourish to a gait that ought to be developed through breeding and training solely. The sordid practice, employed by some walking horse trainers, involves a variety of sadistic methods designed to cause a soreness in the horse's forelegs, so that when he reacts reflexively to his pain, he lifts his front feet from the ground quickly and smartly.

Since the passage by Congress in 1970 of the Horse Protection Act, which forbids soring, the Department of Agriculture has been policing shows throughout the country. Last week the department introduced an instrument called Thermovision, a sort of equine lie detector, to aid its inspectors in their work. The device registers the temperature of infra-red rays emitted by the tissue in the horses' feet and forelegs. Soring produces temperature increases in the irritated areas, and the increases register as patterns on a thermal graph that can be interpreted by veterinarians trained in thermography.

Furthermore, and best of all, Thermovision photos can be used as evidence in court.

#### VENICE, ANYONE?

Traditionally, when the Sons of Italy wanted to do something nice for a city they erected a heroic statue of Christopher Columbus or Leonardo da Vinci. The Baltimore chapter of the fraternal order, looking for something different, settled on a genuine Venetian gondola. The \$7,500 craft, upholstered in gold velvet, was delivered on schedule, but it took three months and an exhaustive search up and down the east coast to find a gondolier to go with it. Joe Giordano, who was chief of the search committee, says, "We looked everywhere, but all we could find were guys who could

row a boat, and that just wouldn't do."

At last the committee stumbled on Anthony Lumaro, 43, who had worked the Venetian canals for several years before emigrating to Baltimore in 1971 and taking up bricklaying.

Through an interpreter, Lumaro said, "Being a gondolier is a lot different from rowing a boat. You have to be careful and know what you're doing."

From his position at the stern, Lumaro now propels tourists in splendor around Baltimore's restored Inner Harbor, which isn't the Grand Canal, but who cares. It beats another statue.

#### UNDERFOOT

Disposable plastic mittens at a 100% discount are being advertised by the police of the 30th ward on Chicago's North Side. The mittens, which cost the cops a penny apiece, are available free to dog walkers, who are supposed to use them to clean up after their pets, then to deposit both mitten and litter in the nearest trash can.

Let's hear it for the fuzz.

#### ONCE MORE, FROM THE BOTTOM

When we left heavyweight Duane Bobick he was both lumpy and rich, having earned about \$5,000 for each of the 58 seconds he lasted against Ken Norton. After that May 11 disaster, Bobick allowed that boxing had not seen the last of him and, sure enough, he showed up in a ring again last week.

This time Bobick fought Scott LeDoux, whose only claim to recent fame was fighting more furiously outside the ring than in it, following a bout with Johnny Boudreaux last February in Maryland. In fact, LeDoux is now under suspension in that state.

Last week's encounter took place in Bloomington, Minn., and Bobick was in control from the third round. He knocked LeDoux down twice and TKO'd him in the eighth, and earned \$9,500. As Trainer Eddie Futch noted wistfully, "That was the way the Norton fight was supposed to go."

#### GIANT BOOSTER

When the Weightman advertising agency in Philadelphia was entrusted with the responsibility of reintroducing to a waiting world the double-decker Gino's Giant cheeseburger, it chose Muhammad Ali to put its message across. The reason, according to agency President

Charles Coffey, was "a survey that said he is the most recognized person in the world."

Gino's Giant, you see, was scratched from the menu in favor of Gino's Hero-burger in 1976. But the Hero-burger bombed, and now, say the brains behind the Gino's fast food chain, it is time for a Giant comeback.

For a sum "well into six figures," Ali, who knows a thing or two about comebacks and a lot of things about huckstering, agreed to join the agency team. "We arrived at the studio at 8:30," says Coffey, "and he worked non-stop until 4 p.m., and during that time he ate 12 Gino's Giants."

A day's work for a day's pay

#### SOMETHING FOR SOMETHING

The following ad in the July 18 Wall Street Journal was placed by a bank in Fremont, Calif.:

"Earn 6 1/2% interest . . . on one-year Certificates of Deposit. PLUS A BONUS of two season tickets for use at all 1977 Oakland Raider preseason and regular-season games. The tickets are in good locations (all above the 12th row, no end-zone seats). They are available either to individuals or corporations. Two season tickets will be given for each \$100,000 increment. . . ."

And if that doesn't grab 'em, the bank can always try toasters.

#### THEY SAID IT

• Ben Crenshaw, golfer, on the pervasive quality of his current slump: "A couple of weeks ago I went fishing, and on the first cast I missed the lake."

• Michael Parkinson, London Sunday Times columnist, on Don Revie, coach of England's national soccer team, who has resigned to take a job in the United Arab Emirates: "Even now a team of linguists is at work translating his writings on the game from the original gibberish into Arabic."

• Tom Lasorda, Dodger manager, on why he still pitches batting practice: "Did you ever see a batting-practice pitcher drop dead? You hear about men dropping dead shoveling snow or mowing the lawn, but not pitching batting practice."

• Jerry Bess, owner of the Los Angeles Strings of World Team Tennis, on his contract with the Nastase: "It's about 35 pages long, and about 15 of them are devoted to penalties associated with his behavior."

END

**True slashes tar  
in half!**

**Only**



**5**  
**MGS. TAR**



**And a taste worth smoking.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Regulas 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 1976.  
Menthol 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC Method.



**Sports Illustrated**

AUGUST 8, 1977

## REVIVAL AND SURVIVAL

*Their showdown over, Earl Weaver's patchwork Orioles still led the Yankees in the East, and Billy Martin's job remained in jeopardy* **by Larry Keith**

**W**hen the Baltimore Orioles flew into New York last week, there was no mistaking the pecking order in the American League East. The harmonious Orioles were in first place, the disgruntled Yankees were in third—and the Red Sox were in between. "I have never been on a team with such love and esprit de corps," chirped one Oriole. "I can't stand all the bull that's gone on this year," grouched a Yankee. "I'm unhappy even when I'm on the field."

The position of the Orioles and Yankees was reflected in the mischievous grin of Earl Weaver and the sad eyes of Billy Martin. Weaver was surrounded by people wanting to know how he had taken a young team, stripped of free agents Reggie Jackson, Bobby Grich and Wayne Garland, to the top of the division. Yankee owner George Steinbrenner was wondering how Martin had led a veteran championship club, bolstered by free agents Jackson and Don Gullett, slip to third. As part of his inquisition, Steinbrenner composed a list of seven commandments that the beleaguered Martin had to follow—or else join the unemployment line.

With a two-game lead over Boston and a three-game



lead over New York. Weaver was enjoying his job, not struggling to keep it. "How can I be a better manager than I was before?" he asked, liking the sound of the question. "I've won five divisions, three pennants and a World Series. We won more games from 1969 to 1971 than any team in the history of the league. Now we're two games ahead and everybody says I'm a bleeping genius."

A questioner persisted, "But what about the people who say you're the difference?" Weaver laughed. "No, I won't say they're full of it. But the players are the ones doing it, so don't belittle them."

The Orioles were more ignored than ridiculed before the season began. With Brooks Robinson, now a 40-year-old player-coach whose main job seems to be deciding when relievers are ready to pitch, Shortstop Mark Belanger is the only remaining regular from the Orioles' 1974 East Division champions. Boog Powell is pinch-hitting in Los Angeles, Paul Blair is platooning in New York, Grich is an injured Angel, Dave McNally and Mike Cuellar are retired.

Ten of the 25 players on Weaver's roster began the season with less than a year's major league experience. When Jackson, Grich and Garland grabbed the megabucks of New York, California and Cleveland, Eddie Murray, Billy Smith and Mike Flanagan arrived to replace them. "I knew we had the potential to be here in first place," says Weaver. Maybe so, but this potential was lost on some of his senior players. "Not all of us believed we'd come through this way," Belanger admits. Robinson says, "I didn't know what to expect this year, but certainly not first place." Nor did Pitcher Jim Palmer. "I was really worried because for the first time in my career it looked like I was on a team that didn't have a chance to win. Even now you can't say we have the best talent. It's not like the old Orioles who won just by walking out on the field. We're in first but it hasn't been easy."

It has been exciting, though. More than half of the Oriole games have been decided by one or two runs, and Baltimore has won two-thirds of these. Nothing gets the Orioles down. A week after they lost four straight to the Red Sox in Baltimore, they beat the Sox three straight in Boston to launch a 14-of-16 July streak that lifted them from third place to first.

"These young guys were given a chance and they're taking advantage of it," says Robinson. "The funny thing is, Earl has always been the kind of manager who liked to bring young players along slowly. But he couldn't do that this year. He had to say 'the job is yours' and hope it turned out all right."

The Baltimore farm system traditionally has been a good place to look for help. One of the reasons the Orioles have had the best record in baseball during the

continued



last 20 years is that their minor league record has invariably been the best, too. When Catcher Rick Dempsey suffered a broken hand three weeks ago, two rookies, Dave Skaggs and Dave Criscone, took his place. Criscone beat the Brewers last week with an 11th-inning home run, his third major league hit. Two other newcomers, Rich Dauer and Smith, are platooning at second. Dauer was the International League's batting champion at Rochester last year, and Smith was a free-agent discard of the Angels. Murray, the switch-hitting rookie DH, has 16 homers, and Flanagan has won six straight games. They both advanced through the Orioles' system after being selected in the amateur draft. "It usually takes two or three years to build a team," says Belanger. "You've got to credit our front office, because they did it in one."

But as First Baseman Lee May points out, it would be a mistake to ignore the Oriole veterans. That, May says, is what the experts did in the spring. "They forgot about me," he huffs, "and Palmer and Belanger and Ken Singleton."

Fair enough. Despite a .239 batting average, May is still hitting homers (17) and

driving in runs (59). Palmer has 12 victories and a 3.11 ERA. Belanger has played 52 straight games and handled 218 chances without an error, and Rightfielder Singleton is fourth in the league with a .315 batting average. Centerfielder Al Bumby is batting .296, and until he pulled a muscle in his right thigh last week and went on the disabled list was enjoying his best season since his .337 Rookie of the Year campaign in 1973. Pat Kelly came over from the White Sox to praise the Lord, play left field and put together the longest hitting streak in the American League—19 games. And although living legend Robinson has only 46 at bats, he beat the Indians one night with a three-run homer in the 10th inning. "An extraordinary thrill," he says. "I hope we win the pennant by one game so I'll know I contributed. Sitting out in the bullpen makes it kind of hard."

Robinson has turned third base over to Doug DeCinces, who spent last season trying to live down the tag of The Man Who Replaced Brooks Robinson. This season his hitting, fielding and confidence are all up. "I had to learn that I was Doug DeCinces, not Brooks Rob-

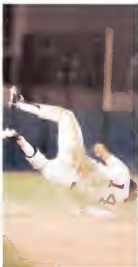
inson, and to play my own game," he says. "If I made an error people would say, 'Brooks would have had it,' as if he had never made an error in his life."

While the Orioles have successfully blended the old and the new, the Yankees, heavily favored to repeat as American League champions, have not. The addition of Jackson and Gullett did give the Yankees better personnel, but it has not made them a better team. Inconsistent pitching has hurt the Yankees on the field, and personality clashes have ripped their clubhouse. As one critic joked, "When the Yankees go out for dinner, they reserve 25 tables for one." Jackson hit well enough to be the only free agent voted into the All-Star Game, but his arrogance and unexpectedly poor defense have irritated his teammates, particularly the too, too sensitive Thurman Munson, and his mere presence has bothered Martin. The manager's biggest problem, though, has been his relationship with Steinbrenner. In fact, the only thing the two have in common seems to be a complete dislike for each other.

Steinbrenner almost fired Martin in June after Martin, enraged by Jackson's



A sunrise cum laude graduate of the Orioles' farm system, rookie DH Eddie Murray has hit 16 homers.



California discard Billy Smith has helped fill the

nonchalance in the field, had a brisk dispute with Jackson in the dugout during a nationally televised game at Boston. As Steinbrenner watched on his TV set, Martin tried to fight Jackson. The irate Steinbrenner confronted Martin two days later and apparently was prepared to fire him until Jackson, of all people, and Munson pleaded with him on the manager's behalf.

Martin's most recent crimes are a result of a breakdown of team discipline and his failure to coax the Yankees into first place. Certainly Steinbrenner's moods have had an adverse effect on Martin. "I feel like those guys on death row," he said one day, fully expecting the ax to fall. "The first time you get fired you think nothing can be that bad again. But each time it gets worse. It was bad in Minnesota, but it was worse in Detroit and even worse in Texas."

Martin survived that day, probably because the Yankees beat Kansas City. But the next night Steinbrenner seemed to lay the groundwork for Martin's immediate dismissal by pompously announcing seven criteria by which Martin would be judged. The first, of course, was the

team's won-lost record. But the rest appeared rigged so that Steinbrenner could get rid of Martin even if the Yankees did not lose another game the rest of the year. Does he work hard enough? Is he emotionally equipped to lead men under him? Is he organized? Is he prepared? Does he understand human nature? Is he honorable? In fact, Martin has been accused of being deficient in most of these areas at one time or another, but this has never prevented him from being a winner.

It was apparent to all the Yankees that Steinbrenner wanted Martin fired and replaced with a less volatile person. But he said he would leave the final decision to General Manager Gabe Paul.

Such was the state of the Yankees when the Orioles showed up Tuesday night. The consensus was that while it probably was too early to knock New York completely out of the race, Baltimore could knock Martin out of his job by winning at least two of three games. Martin's position was so precarious that even his nemesis, Weaver, felt obliged to come to his defense. "How can Billy be blamed if Jim Palmer pitches a shutout?" the Baltimore manager asked.

Martin has always insisted that his players and the fans support him, and that night they proved it. Before the game the crowd of 32,000 gave Martin a standing ovation when he came out to present the lineup card to the umpires. It took the Yankees a while longer to act on his behalf. Singleton's mammoth 437-foot three-run homer and Ross Gonsky's pitching had the Orioles ahead 4-2 as the Yankees batted in the ninth. But then Cliff Johnson tied the score with the Yankees' first pinch-hit homer in two years, and New York won 5-4 in the 10th on Jackson's home run.

The next night Steinbrenner changed his position again, saying on TV that Martin would almost surely finish the season. "It doesn't matter," said a Yankee before the game. "Billy is going to be fired at the end of the year no matter what he does or how well the team plays." New York did not play well. Smith hit Catfish Hunter's first pitch into the upper deck. Murray and May slugged back-to-back homers off Hunter in the eighth, and the Orioles—behind Palmer—won 6-3.

Although there were still 10 weeks left in the schedule, the Yankees and Orioles concluded their season's series Thursday afternoon. "Yeah, this is a big game," Munson said. "But do we win

this one for Billy, George or the team? I haven't quite got straight yet which comes first." Munson's 100th career home run, a 15-hit attack and a crowd of 41,000 came to Martin's rescue and the Yankees won 4-2. Still, the Orioles remained in first place, and finished with an 8-7 season edge over the Yankees.

As the Orioles headed for Seattle, Weaver left Martin—and the Yankees—with this blessing: "I can't wish Billy anything but bad luck the rest of the way." He was laughing when he said it, but he probably meant it. On Sunday night, though, Weaver was not so chirpy because the Orioles had taken only two of three from Seattle while the Yankees were sweeping three in Oakland and the Red Sox were sweeping three from the Angels. Boston was in first place by .001 now, but Weaver was still one game ahead of Martin—and he certainly wasn't unhappy about that.

END

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN JACOBO



second-base gap created by Grieh's departure



Jim Palmer is one of the last of the old Orioles

# A STAR BOWS OUT, A STAR BOWS IN

Carlos Monzon's victory over Rodrigo Valdes was the 89th of his career, the last 83 of them in a row, and now the middleweight champ will retire to his movie career as Argentina's James Bond. But, as they say in boxing, don't bet on it **by Pat Putnam**



Slowering blood and soaking up punches, Valdes took the fight to Monzon, but took a beating

When it was all over last Saturday in Monte Carlo, Carlos Monzon gingerly eased the position of his battered body on the rubdown table and permitted himself a small, almost silent laugh. He was still the middleweight champion of the world, but Rodrigo Valdes had forced him to fight 15 punishing and bloody rounds to prove it. At the end, it took a great effort for Monzon just to stand and hear the decision. His face was cut and puffed, his right hand was almost useless. And now, only minutes after returning to his dressing room, he seemed ready at last to give it all up.

The bitter amusement passed swiftly. Monzon seldom shows emotion and he is even more miserly with any sign of humor. "It is done," the now full-time Argentine film star said flatly. "I have done it all. I leave it now to the young fighters."

It is the right time. Monzon has been champion for nearly seven years and he has been undefeated in 83 fights since 1964, but age has started robbing him of his marvelous skills and awesome power. He will be 35 in a few days. His film career is launched; he has \$2 million salted away in a New York bank; he owns apartment houses, thousands of acres of ranchland and a Mercedes-Benz agency in Argentina. What does he need boxing for?

"He needs it because he is an animal and he lives for macho," said Rodolfo Sabbotini, who promotes Monzon's fights in Monte Carlo and produces his films in Rome. "He says he is retiring, but next January or February he will call me and say, 'How come you haven't got me a fight? I'm coming back.' By the end of the year eliminations will bring a new champion, and then Monzon will have to fight the man who succeeds him. It's his macho."

Proving his macho has always been Monzon's undoing. Because of fights in the streets he spent a lot of time in jail between the ages of 16 and 26. He was lucky that his manager, Amikar Brusa, also trained the police boxing team. They say that Monzon was paroled on Saturdays

so he could fight as a professional. On Sundays it was back into the slammer. There may be some truth to it. He recently appealed and won a release from another 18-month sentence for assault but reportedly still faces an eight-month sentence on another charge.

"He's got a big file, about 40 arrests," says Sabbatini. "It's not true when they say the best fighters come from ghettos. The best ones come from jail. But that is good. If they didn't lock up those animals, the streets wouldn't be safe for us."

When Sabbatini speaks of Monzon, it is with the curious mixture of amusement and an almost parental pride. With great relish he tells of Monzon meeting Helmut Berger, the German movie star. It was last February in Rome, just after Monzon had completed his most recent film, one aptly titled *El Macho*.

"Berger was pretty drunk and he sat on Monzon's lap," Sabbatini said. "Then he tried to put his hand inside of Monzon's shirt. Monzon threw him across the room and was going after him when my driver Gino stopped him. Gino is a big guy. He is Monzon's bodyguard in Rome."

To protect Monzon from the adoring public?

Sabbatini roared with laughter. "No, to protect him from what can happen to the public."

Monzon refuses to play the role of a bad guy in films. He sees himself more as a new James Bond who looks like a cross between Charles Bronson and Jack Palance) destroying evil international cartels and saving old women and children. Monzon also refuses to play the role of a boxer. He has drawn rave advance reviews for *El Macho*, which will be released soon. In the film Monzon plays a double role. First he is a murder victim and then, as his double, assumes the victim's identity and destroys an army of bad guys. "He throws a lot of punches in his films," Sabbatini says, "but never as a boxer. He always wins in the end. With Monzon, the public would believe nothing less."

Monzon has been mildly threatening to retire since 1972, and after he beat Valdes on a close decision in Monte Carlo 13 months ago, there were doubts that he would fight again. But there was the fact that he had merely decimated Valdes—who had then called him a coward. And here came this offer of \$500,000

plus about \$60,000 in Argentine TV rights for a rematch. "O.K., one more," Monzon said. "Then I retire."

Monzon finished his movie and went into intense training. "I have never seen him more serious about any fight," said Brusa. Sabbatini admitted that he had been worried about Monzon's condition. Because of the film, Monzon hadn't had a fight—at least not in the ring—since Valdes, and Valdes had fought twice. "But now he looks in superb condition. It just proves to me that he is an animal. A beautiful animal."

Valdes, 30, worked equally hard and came in just as finely tuned. "He just knows he's going to win," said Gil Clancy, the Colombian manager. "One day he told me to go out and bet his whole purse on him. Of course, I let that go over my head. Anything can happen. But that's the kind of confidence he has."

Monzon said it didn't matter how confident Valdes was. "I will batter him before the limit. Then comes the true life: the champagne, the Beaujolais, the music, the dance." And to prove that the good life could wait, Monzon didn't bring his movie-actress girlfriend Susana Gimenez to Monte Carlo. Before the first Valdes fight Monzon's handlers claimed the champion was putting his love life ahead of his work and had asked the actress to move to another hotel. This time, in effect, she was asked to move to another country. She wondered at all the fuss. "All we do is play gin rummy," she said.

Despite Valdes' confidence, no one, not even Clancy, expected him to do much more in the early going than survive. He is a notoriously slow starter, and in the first fight it took him six rounds to get into gear. "Then he only has one gear, like Joe Frazier: smoking," Clancy said. "You just have to get him into it."

At the bell, Valdes was obviously geared to snook. He is a buzz saw, short and furious, a hammer that never stops, and from the onset he carried the fight to the champion. In the second round, Valdes opened a cut on Monzon's nose, then knocked him down with an overhand right over a left lead. Monzon hadn't been off his feet since Jorge Fernandez floored him in 1966.

Leaping up, Monzon raised both arms and took a standing eight count. Then, clearly irritated, he went to work. He was crisp, zeroing in on a target that moved

ever closer, cracking jabs and throwing crushing right hands. By the fifth round Valdes' left eye was swelling and his face looked as if it had been attacked by a swarm of tiny razor blades. Then the fight swung direction once more. Boring in constantly, Valdes began double-hooking, over and under, and followed with jolting right hands. Monzon looked confused. Valdes was taking the fight away from him.

Valdes won the seventh and eighth rounds easily and was winning the ninth. Then, just before the bell, Monzon came up with a new trick: step right, throw right. Simple. He caught Valdes lunging and staggered him as the round ended. Monzon stayed with the tactic until he had Valdes hurt. Then he went to both hands, opening holes in Valdes' face, slicing him over the left eye—a 10-stitcher—raining blood on himself and the ring. The 12th round was brutal. Valdes took massive punishment, gave almost none. At the end of the round, Clancy worked feverishly to close the eye cut. Across the ring, Monzon was telling Brusa, "I've hurt my right hand. I don't know if I can use it anymore." The hand is arthritic, and his handlers deafen it with novocaine before a fight. But the novocaine was no longer effective. Looking across the ring at Valdes, Brusa said, "You won't need it. Just keep hitting him with the left." "This eye is bad," Clancy was telling Valdes. "You better go out firing. You got to gamble."

Clancy had worked a miracle on the eye. Valdes set out to work one in the ring. He pressed Monzon, who tried to hold him off with the left hand, and suddenly the clump was in trouble. Desperate, he went back to the right hand in the 14th round, threw six straight, hard punches with it and finally slowed Valdes. In the last round, they reduced boxing to its most primitive form. Both were covered with blood, most of it Valdes', and each was going for the kill.

The officials all gave the fight to Monzon, two by three points, one by two.

Back in the locker room, 11-year-old Abel Monzon approached his father, who sat slumped on the rubbing table. "When you were knocked down I cried many tears," he said. Rising, Monzon put one hand on the boy's thin shoulder. "O.K. In life you get knocked down many times. The important thing is always get up."

That, Abel, is macho.

END

# SAILING ON A SEA OF PERPLEXITY

In America's Cup trials that baffled the seers, *Enterprise* whipped *Courageous*, which beat *Independence*, which edged *Enterprise*

by Giles Phinney

**T**he cup. The cup. The cup. Short of hiding under a bed, in Newport this summer it is impossible to escape the fact that this is an America's Cup year. The flags of France, Australia and Sweden, the three challenging nations, float in the air. Pictures of 12-meter hulls, past and present, foreign and domestic, hang everywhere. In bars and bistros the homey old cup itself is depicted on cocktail napkins; the lore and legend of it are printed on the place mats.

Although the cup permeates Newport, it does not quite dominate it. This summer, as in any other, hippies ripsnort around town on Hondas and Yamahas, creating noise and occasionally colliding with slower-moving objects, and tourists with Nikons around their necks clog the streets, intent on capturing the whole scene and buying out the town.

On a fine July evening a sunbaked hippie, astride his parked Yamaha, spies three 12-meter crewmen as bronzed and long-haired and bare-legged as himself entering a drinks-free party on Thames Street. To his ladylove, seated aft and clutching him around the waist, the hippie observes dryly, "There go three of the America's Cup yachting swells." In the parking lot of Mac's Clam Shack, a lady wearing fuchsia tennis shorts sees *Enterprise*, one of the prospective U.S. defenders, suspended on her hoist after a day of toil. "Why is that boat hung in the air like that?" she asks. At the sight of *Enterprise*, the lady's escort starts photographing it with a telephoto lens half the length of a spinnaker pole. "It's out of water to keep birmatches from eating holes in it," he says between shutter clicks. "That's one of the boats trying to win the Davis Cup."

On the Atlantic off Newport last week, three U.S. boats—*Enterprise*, *Coura-*

*geous* and *Independence*—completed the second of three sets of trials to select a defender, and the four foreign hulls—*France II*, *Australia*, *Gretel II* and *Sverige*—are just now starting their first round-robin series to pick a challenger. With so much action so early, the U.S. Coast Guard already has its hands full, doing its bellowing best with bullhorns and on selected crystal frequencies to keep the sloops and keiches and gin palaces and lesser stinkpots of the spectator fleets in line. (One never knows what effect an errant spectator boat may have on a match race. In one contest of the most recent U.S. trials, Ted Turner, skipper of *Courageous*, trailed Lowell North on *Enterprise* by one minute 20 seconds at the last turning mark. Then, on the final leeward leg, *Marmar*, the sassy red 12-meter dud that Turner had vainly sailed three years ago, suddenly cruised onto the course ahead of them. As if inspired by the sight of his former coffin crossing his path, Turner closed to within seven seconds of North at the finish line.)

Considering the damage that the wake of a single blundering power boat can do at a crucial moment, it is fortunate that everybody who gets a taste of the America's Cup ashore doesn't have access to the course—fortunate and yet a pity, for this is already proving to be a memorable, record-breaking year. In the 107 years since the cup first was contested, this is the first time that prospective challengers have outnumbered the defenders. Because there are only three potential defenders this time, each has had one day of enforced idleness out of every three. Even so, in the Preliminary Trials of June and the Observation Trials of July the three hulls have competed in a record 32 races. The memorable

duels of cup boats in the past pale in comparison. In 1958 *Columbia* and its vintage rival, *Vim*, met 10 times in orthodox match races, and so did *Constellation* and *America's Eagle* in 1964. In 1974 *Courageous* and *Intrepid* duked 19 times. This summer the two leading yachts, *Courageous* and *Enterprise*, have already met 12 times and the August finals are yet ahead.

More pertinent is the closeness of the competition. In previous years there has always been a whipping boy—an *Easterner*, *Heritage* or *Marmar*—that because of poor handling or design never had much chance. This time around, there is no patsy. There have been no painful parades to the finish line with winning margins of three, four and five minutes. In 19 of the 32 races this summer the difference has been less than a minute; in 11 of them less than half a minute. The match-racing bible says that the skipper who clearly wins the start or establishes a solid lead on the first windward leg will usually prevail. In 19 of the 32 races the lead changed on the first leg or beyond, and in eight of the races it changed twice or more.

In the June trials *Courageous* had seven wins and one loss, *Enterprise* stood 4-6, and *Independence* finished 2-6, but anyone observing these races recognized that there was more disparity in the results than in the boats themselves. In the first three days of the July trials, it looked as if *Courageous* was on her way once again. She was first across the finish line four straight times (albeit losing one race to *Enterprise* on a disqualification), while *Independence* and *Enterprise* split a pair. Then, slam-bang, on the fourth day *Enterprise* walloped *Courageous* twice, in one of the races by two minutes 46 seconds, the widest margin to date. Suddenly it looked as if *Enterprise*, which in June had seemed to wander on the course in defiance of logic and classic precepts, was finally putting her act together. The odds tilted even more in her favor on the fifth day, when *Courageous*, the pacesetter, had to battle hard to win two from the taker, *Independence*, by six and 18 seconds. So what happened on the sixth day? *Independence*, the taker, turned around and whipped the up-and-coming *Enterprise* twice by wide margins to throw the whole thing back



Storming down a spinnaker leg on a windy day, Enterprise (27) leaves Independence in her wake

into a cocked hat. In the July trials Enterprise beat Courageous 5-2, Courageous beat Independence 5-1, and Independence beat Enterprise 4-2, so this is but a brief armistice in an unsettled three-sided war.

In their dealings with the press all three skippers have been most courteous and, despite their diverse psyches, at times equally ambiguous. When asked

what he thought of his prospects in the Final Trials, Skipper Ted Hood of Independence, a man not given to elastic facts, said, "Overconfidence is not going to be one of our worries." After North and his brain trust aboard Enterprise had solidly squashed Courageous twice, the press at dockside wanted to know how they had turned the tables so brilliantly. With his customary direct look and

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC SCHWEIKARDT

steady voice that usually conveys wisdom, North replied, "I don't know. Maybe it was because we were going faster or Turner was going slower. One or the other. I'm not sure which." Thus enlightened, the press sped off to spread the word to the waiting world.

After Turner had whupped Independence twice, the gentlemen and gentlewomen of the press wanted to know what he and his tactician, Gary Jobson, had discussed in their preface tête-à-tête. Without pacing more than a quarter mile up and down the dock, Turner replied, "What did we talk about? Well, we talked about how great it was to face fearful odds for the ashes of our fathers and the temples of our gods. In fact, on the way to the dock this morning Gary and I went right by the Catholic church and listened for a moment. We talked about everything—ships and sealing wax, cabbages and kings." Thus blessed with cogent tidbits of irrelevance, the press thanked Turner and withdrew, each to write the truth in his own way.

What is the truth? The evidence at the moment is insufficient for a well-rounded judgment, particularly because the boats have had only eight races in heavy weather, and most of those with the wind offshore and the seas comparatively small. What evidence there is suggests that Independence is the boat of least potential. She will have to scramble all the way. Quite beyond her won-lost record is the fact that in six races she had a definite, although slim, lead somewhere along the first windward leg and could not hold it—in one instance Enterprise was able to sail through the tail of her wind shadow to leeward.

Courageous is the boat that knows how to do it, but considering both the excellent helmsmanship of Malin Burnham and the broad genius of Lowell North, Enterprise is the boat of greater potential. In the middle of the July trials they had it all together, but in the final race it came apart again. Three times in that race Enterprise took the lead away from Courageous, and three times gave it back. The Enterprise people confess that they are learning the hard way. That is a tribute to them, but it will not be worth much from here on in. The final bell has rung. School is out; learning time is over. August is real August is for keeps. **END**

## DRIVEN BY MO-PED MADNESS

*Almost everyone, it seems, wants to be putt-putting everywhere on a gizmo that is more than a bike but less than a cycle*

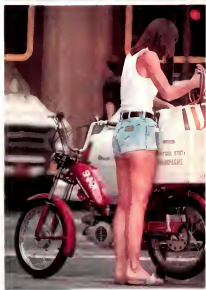
by Daphne Hurford

The traditional American response to the "less is more" concept has been that the only thing more is more. Particularly with personal transportation: the larger, flashier and faster the better, and at least two for every family. But battered by the economic crunch, the energy crunch and the air-quality crunch, Americans are questioning the way they get around. Enter the mo-ped. Something more than a bicycle, something less than a motorcycle, mo-peds suddenly seem to be an answer. Thirteen thousand of them are being sold each month in this country, and in three years the annual sales fig-

*continued*









ures are expected to be in the millions.

For all the mo-ped blazes—they don't cost much (between \$325 and \$550), use little fuel (a gallon of gas every 100 to 200 miles) and very few pollutants come wriggling out of their peashooter-sized tailpipes—the plain fact is that even in a conscience-stricken nation, the overriding reason they are so popular is that they are so much fun.

A mo-ped is a two-wheeled vehicle that, as its name implies, uses both a motor and a pedal-operated chain drive for power. The motor is small, very small, which means it occasionally needs help getting up hills. That, and starting the machine, is where the pedals come in: in such situations, the rider provides the extra boost in power to get, or keep, the thing going. Approximately 30 models of mo-peds are being sold in the U.S. So far, only one American company makes them, the Columbia Manufacturing Co. of Westfield, Mass. The machines are being imported from France, Austria, Holland, Italy, Taiwan and Czechoslovakia. In 1975 some 25,000 mo-peds were sold in the U.S.; by the next year sales had more than tripled and, according to a conservative estimate, in 1977 150,000 will be sold—to go not quite careening down the byways (nowhere they are permitted on limited-access highways) of America.

The state with the greatest number of mo-peds is California, which also brought you hula hoops and skateboards—and has the most stringent exhaust-emission-control laws in the land. Mo-peds were made legal for street use in California on Jan. 1, 1976, and sales have grown so quickly that now almost every dealer is back-ordered. Brewster Gallup, president of Batavus West, a distributor for the Dutch-built mo-ped, says, "We opened a retail outlet in Newport Beach on Sept. 3, 1976. We put 54 out the door by the end of the first month and thought we were doing great. But now we've got two ship containers down at the docks, waiting to clear customs, and each one holds 154 mo-peds. The day they reach our warehouse they'll be gone. If the price of gasoline continues to rise, you may find mo-peds in every family."

Fred Ross, a salesman for the Austrian-made Puch, says, "I can foresee the market going crazy for the next five years. We shipped 1,500 last month and could have sold a lot more if we had had them."

In Florida, too, mo-ped madness is

reaching epidemic proportions, and variations on the basic theme have been spotted—20 Boca Raton students have been fined for modifying the mufflers on their machines in a way that raises the gentle putt-putt to a fierce growl. As of May 1 there were an estimated 18,000 mo-peds in the Sunshine State. Says Pompano Beach Commissioner William Alsford, who owns one, "The guy next door to me has one and drives it to work every day. I'll take mine over to City Hall occasionally, but I got it for the exercise and for short errands." Middle-aged vacationers are two-wheeling all over southern Florida, perhaps indulging in sentimental memories of their honeymoon in Bermuda, and two fifthly brothers who live in a Boca Raton condominium drag-race in the parking lot, eliciting a sigh and an "I guess it's just some more toys for the boys" from a fellow resident.

That statement would make Florida police—among others—wince. As mo-peds become more popular there is increasing concern about reckless use of the vehicles. There have been injuries and some fatalities, but no one knows the actual extent of mo-ped accidents because the statistics are still included with those for motorcycles. The National Safety Council has not yet taken an official position on mo-peds, but it has issued a list of recommendations regarding their operation, speed, use of helmets, etc. Unofficially, a spokesman said that the council feels mo-peds should be treated much like motorcycles.

Quite obviously, mo-ped madness has caught not only American manufacturers unaware but the safety Establishment as well, which is a paradox because it was a decision by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration that triggered the boom. In 1974 three French mo-ped manufacturers (VeloSolex, Peugeot and Motobecane) petitioned the U.S. Government to change the classification of the two-wheelers, which until then had been lumped with motorcycles. That meant the same safety standards regarding brakes, tires, lights and controls applied to mo-peds having a top speed of between 17 and 30 mph as to a 750 cc. motorcycle easily capable of triple that performance. In October of 1974 the NHTSA eased its standards for vehicles having a top speed of 30 mph. Handbrakes were permitted, turn signals no longer were necessary, and taillight



candlepower requirements were reduced.

It was almost precisely what the mopeds manufacturers had asked for, and in January of 1975 the three French manufacturers, along with other importers, distributors and dealers, formed the Motorized Bicycle Association, which now has more than 100 members. In addition to acting as a central source of information for the moped industry, one of the MBA's major functions has been to encourage individual states to classify mopeds separately from motorcycles, so that, for example, riders don't have to wear helmets or carry liability insurance. By the end of 1976, 23 states had enacted laws that classified mopeds as something between a bicycle and a motorcycle; recently, eight more states and the District of Columbia joined the fold, with Maine being the latest. And as Maine goes...

Well, sort of. As of right now the welter of conflicting legislation and regulation concerning mopeds is so confusing that no one, not even dealers and certainly not buyers, can be sure which license, insurance and venue requirements apply. Not only are the regulations different from state to state but they also can vary from municipality to municipality. All the states do agree that the machines cannot have more than two horsepower and a displacement of more than 50 cc. That, however, is where the consistency ends. In some states a driver's license is required, in others you only need to be 14 and have the vehicle registered. In many places there are no license or registration requirements. One instance of the confusion can be found in the South Bay area of Los Angeles, where a 19-mile oceanfront bicycle path runs between Santa Monica and Palos Verdes. Some jurisdictions along the route consider a moped, at least when it's being peddled, a bicycle; others don't. Manhattan Beach is one that doesn't. "We issued warnings at first," says Sergeant Robert Cashion of the Manhattan Beach Police Department, "but now we are citing. Our ordinance prohibits mopeds on the bike path. Mopeds are relatively new, and it's a little too early to get the complete feel, but each day it's becoming more and more of a problem."

For the time being the confusion seems to be working in the moped's favor. Not only is it not unusual to see a Little Leaguer putt-putting to a game, but opportunistic adults who have lost their drivers'

licenses also have been known to buy mopeds and not leave the driving to someone else.

The first flurry of moped sales was to student and student-aged buyers looking for inexpensive, easy-to-park transportation for short distances. What could be more ideal for darting from home to class to gym to home or dormitory? Now the majority of buyers seem to be in the 25-to-50 age group; commuters are riding mopeds to train and bus stations; housewives are moped-riding to the tennis courts and to the market; city dwellers ride them to and from work.

Such buyers are split 50-50 between those seeking practicality and those simply delighted with a new form of recreation. Bea and Jim Howell of San Carlos, Calif. commute to their jobs on his-and-her Ciacos, manufactured by Vespa. Their reason for buying mopeds was to strike a blow against escalating gas prices, but they have now found a further justification. Each has a pilot's license, and they claim moped-riding helps them with their flying. They say, "You use a lot of the same reflexes."

If the Howells represent the practical, then a group of 30 women in affluent Walnut Creek, Calif. represent the fun-loving. Every Wednesday at 10 a.m. the women, aged 30 to 50, meet for group runs on their mopeds, all dressed in T-shirts with THE MOPED MAMAS emblazoned across their chests.

On the steep hills of San Francisco and around the Bay Area a bicycle with a motor is a great help, and Bill Grimsman and Tim Hodges, the owners of Mo-Ped City in Berkeley, are among those reaping the benefits. They opened their shop last November and are currently selling more than 50 of the machines a month. "For 10 years this vehicle was legally considered a motorcycle and there was no demand," says Hodges. "Now when we tell people a moped creates  $\frac{1}{2}$  the amount of pollution of a standard automobile, people listen."

In addition to their appeal to the public conscience and the simple pleasure of riding them, mopeds have another lure: they are only slightly more complicated than a bobby pin. The current models all have two-cycle engines, similar to an outboard motor, so gas and oil have to be mixed by the operator. None have transmissions that demand the complex coordination of hand and foot required by motorcycles. Instead, they

come with "automatic transmissions" (actually clutches with a lot of slippage), and the drum brakes are controlled by handlebar-mounted levers. The least expensive mopeds generally rely only on their skinny wheels to absorb road shocks, which can make them skittish on ripply road surfaces, but as the price goes up, so does suspension sophistication and, as a result, ride control and comfort. Some models even have straddle fuel tanks, which appeal greatly to those with motorcycle fantasies.

If the moped's sudden success is based largely on its simplicity—anyone who has taken the training wheels off his two-wheeler can master the motorized version almost instantly—so are the potential problems. There is growing concern not only about inexperienced operators, but also about the disparity in top speed and ability to accelerate between mopeds and other vehicles sharing the same roads. Sergeant Dave Hebel of the California Highway Patrol says, "In almost all collisions the operator of a moped ends up in the hospital. The injury factor is very high." Bruno Porrai, president of Vespa of America, emphasizes, "A moped is not a toy. It must not be treated as a toy." And a Florida motorcycle shop owner says, "It's not a bicycle. It has a motor that will go fast enough to get you in trouble, but not fast enough to get you out."

Not everyone concurs with that pessimistic view, however. Commissioner Alsdorf is in favor of regulating the bikes but opposes helmet and insurance requirements, saying, "You can't go speeds that are suicidal and you really can't cause enough damage to justify insurance." However, fatality figures from Britain, according to the National Safety Council, place the moped "between the bicycle and the motorcycle, but much nearer the bicycle."

While the debate over the safety of mopeds is revving up, the craze for the machines rolls on. And for all the growth pains that are sure to come, the popularity of mopeds is in a sense heartening. Paul Zimmerman, executive director of the MBA, says, "There's a definite need in the U.S. for such machines. People have become used to wrapping themselves in 4,000 pounds of steel. With the energy situation, that can't go on forever. The moped will never replace the family car, but it can replace the second or third car."

END

# "Vantage is solving a lot of my problems about smoking."

"You see, I really enjoy smoking.

To me, it's a pleasure. But it was no pleasure hearing all the things being said against high-tar cigarettes.


"Of course, I used to kid myself a lot about giving up the taste of my old high-tar cigarette for one of those new low-tar brands.

But every one I tried left my taste unsatisfied.

"Then someone offered me a Vantage. Sure I'd read about them. But I thought they were like all the others. I was wrong.

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FILTER 10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76; FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



"Vantage was right.  
It satisfied like my old brand.  
Yet it had nearly half the tar.

"It's been about a year  
since I started smoking  
Vantage.  
And it looks like I'm  
going to be smoking them  
for a long time to come."

*Bernard Schoenfeld*

Bernard Schoenfeld  
Westchester, New York



Regular, Menthol,  
and Vantage 100's.

Like a giant gray curtain billowing in the wind, the cold rain would sweep in off the Bay of Biscay in midafternoon, and the members of the Club de Golf Pedrena would flee to the warmth and safety of the clubhouse. Only then would the swarthy little Severiano Ballesteros emerge from the caddy shed and, dwarfed by his golf clubs, walk onto his deserted stage. For hours on end he would hit practice shots, unconcerned that he was being soaked to the skin—and certain to receive a cuffing or scolding on returning home to his family's small farm in Spain's Basque country. Indeed, his mother seriously doubted whether pneumonia would spare the youngest of her four golfing sons long enough for him to reach maturity.

"At 12 the kid had the mind of one of 21," recalls Manuel Ballesteros. Severiano

the cream of U.S. professionals and their British and Irish counterparts. Since the Ryder Cup was presented for this competition, the Great Britain and Ireland team has won only three times (1929, 1933 and 1957), while tying once (1969) and losing 17 times.

The Spanish can be excused for thinking they might fare better. Of the 11 major events played this year in Britain and continental Europe before the epic British Open, the Spaniards won seven, and they did not compete in two that were won by an Australian and an Irishman. Ironically, the sole British success, by Scotland's Bernard Gallacher, was in the Spanish Open at La Manga. And in the first tournament following the British Open, Ballesteros won the Swiss Open, beating runner-up John Schroeder of the U.S. by three strokes. (Ballesteros

Gallardo says, "The unbelievable success of Seve has made us all try harder. But even more fantastic, we are all pulling for each other. The boys used to get homesick and run away after a week or two in Britain. Now we work and live as a team, even more like a family.")

Indeed, when Gallardo won the Italian Open in May in a four-hole sudden-death playoff against Britain's Brian Barnes, he was cheered over every inch of the way by every member of the Spanish playing contingent.

Although he is only 34 years old, Gallardo, a handsome, dark, chirpy little man whose voice rises as he chatters away like a machine gun firing out of control, is known to the "family" as *El Abuelo* (The Grandfather). Gallardo is a former captain of the Continental Tournament Players' Association, which this season

## A NEW REIGN IN SPAIN

no's elder brother, traveling companion and occasional interpreter. "He knew where he was going from the start. Golf was his life. The other caddies, they sat playing boys' games and laughed at Seve when he came in—how you say?—like a drowning rat maybe five hours afterward. They no laugh today. They still carry golf bags, while Seve, he travels the world playing tournaments."

More than any other single factor, it has been the meteoric rise of 20-year-old Severiano Ballesteros, unheard of outside Spain four years ago, that has enabled the Spaniards to topple the British from their traditional position as the leading golfing nation in Europe. Arguably, the Spanish are second in the world only to the United States.

Soon the Spaniards will challenge the mighty Americans to a series similar to the biennial Ryder Cup matches between

**Led by the swashbuckling Severiano Ballesteros, Spanish golfers have supplanted the British as the dominant players in Europe** by BEN WRIGHT

did not win the Scandinavian Open the following week; he finished third and luckily escaped serious injury after encountering lightning on the 14th hole during the second round.) But what is most impressive is that Spain has produced five different winners: Manuel (Sugar) Ramos (Portuguese Open), Antonio Garrido (Madrid Open) and the Benson and Hedges International, Angel Gallardo (Italian Open), Manuel Pinero (Penfold PGA Championship) and Ballesteros (French Open, Uniroyal International and Swiss Open).

Incredibly, Spanish professionals currently occupy five of the top 10 places in golf's British and European Order of Merit, including the top two—Ballesteros and Garrido.

merged with the British to form the European Tournament Players' Division, of which Gallardo is vice-chairman. His word is law and is accepted as such by his compatriots.

At Turnberry, on the second afternoon of the British Open, for instance, Gallardo, who had shot 65 in the morning, was heard to deliver a sharp rebuke to countryman Salvador Balbuena for failing to show up for a lucrative pro-am in Edinburgh the previous weekend and offering no explanation for his absence. Gallardo then blistered Ballesteros for complaining, some weeks previously, that his hotel accommodations were not up to standard and for walking out to find lodgings elsewhere.

"I told him how it was when I first



flew to London from Barcelona to play in 1965 and had only a return ticket and £75 to keep me going for three months," Gallardo says. "More than 10 times I slept on a bench in a railway station. I liked it there because I could buy from this machine cartons of cold milk for a sixpence. I thought it was fantastic when I could afford to pay £2.50 a week for an attic room. When I came back to England for my honeymoon, I showed my wife Josepina this bench at Euston station, and I said, 'That was my bed.' She thinks I'm crazy. I tell Seve, 'The more care you take with people, the more you will win in the end.'"

Gallardo then gave a lesson to Jose Maria Canizares, who was struggling to

find his best game, before busting off to the press center to write his daily column for the Barcelona newspaper *El Mundo Deportivo* (The World of Sport). "They take anything I write, so you know I get big spaces," he said. It was not always this way, however.

When Seve Ballesteros burst upon the world at Royal Birkdale in the 1976 British Open the 1st for three rounds before finishing in a tie for second with Jack Nicklaus, six shots behind Johnny Miller), British television and the newspapers made him a hero overnight. He was golf's answer to Bjorn Borg, Spain's new El Cordobes. Teen-age girls flocked by the thousands to see the handsome teenager who obviously feared no one.

Seve gave the ball a tremendous slash with his easy, natural caddy's swing, relying on a magical short game to conjure his way out of trouble time and again, and always with a flashing smile. It was a refreshing change from the defensive, conservative British style, and the swash-buckling Seve was a breath of fresh air to the media in Britain, which were so thoroughly disappointed in—and ready to devour—onetime hero Tony Jacklin and clearly unimpressed by the polite, withdrawn Peter Oosterhuis, whose major virtue appeared to be manufactured consistency rather than flair. Unaccountably, the Spanish press largely ignored the heroics of Ballesteros.

The rest of golfing Europe, however, *continued*

hailed the young star as a champion-to-be. Golf on the continent had always been the guarded preserve of the aristocratic and wealthy. The open championships had previously attracted minuscule galleries notable only for the cut of their clothes and their bloodlines. Now Ballesteros, this hero of humble origin, drew a larger following with each successive event. In the three months following the 1976 British Open, Ballesteros was third in the Swiss and Scandinavian Opens; won the Dutch by eight shots; was third in Germany; placed fifth to Ben Crenshaw in the Irish Open; and finished eighth in the Benson and Hedges International. He then climaxed his brilliant season by winning the Lancôme Trophy in Paris with a blistering finish that overtook Arnold Palmer by one shot. Following Ballesteros that final day was the biggest crowd ever to watch golf in France.

Ballesteros had become the youngest ever to win the prestigious Vardon Trophy as the top money winner, and his £39,504 in earnings was a record for Europe, eclipsing by more than £7,000

the record set by Oosterhuis in 1974.

But the victory the Spaniards treasure most was that of Ballesteros and the 5' 7", 138-pound Pinero, 24, in the World Cup at Palm Springs, Calif. last December. These two former caddies beat out the customary favorite, the United States, represented by U.S. Open champion Jerry Pate and PGA winner Dave Stockton, by two shots.

"Although we didn't get much publicity at home at the time, that win did more for Spanish golf than anything so far," Pinero says. "In our country people are more interested in how the national teams go, which is why bullfighting is no longer as popular as soccer. The people were more proud of what Manuel Santana was doing for Spain in the Davis Cup than when he won at Wimbledon."

There is a distinct parallel in the growth in popularity of tennis and golf in Spain. During the oppressively fascist Franco regime, Santana, a former ballboy, had shown his fellow peasants the way to escape from the poverty bracket to riches and fame with a tennis racket in his hand. And every single Spanish professional golfer has emerged in the same way: from the caddy shack.

"Of course, this is the whole story," says Gallardo. "We started out genuinely hungry, truly poor people. There is nothing better to make you try like hell."

The first to show the way were the Madrid-born Miguel brothers, Angel and Sebastian. Angel, the elder, had his playing career abbreviated by stomach ulcers caused by the inferior diet of his early life. But before he was forced into semi-retirement, he won three tournaments in Britain between 1964 and 1966, the first Spaniard ever to accomplish this feat. Angel's greatest achievement, though, was winning low pro in the 1958 World Cup in Mexico City.

The younger Miguel, Sebastian, was Angel's partner on the Spanish team that placed second in Mexico City, and in 1963 Sebastian and Ramon Sota, an uncle of the Ballesteros brothers, were World Cup runners-up to Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus in Paris. Sota and Angel Miguel were also second to Gary Player and Harold Henning of South Africa in Madrid in 1965.

Between them, the Miguels won five Spanish Opens from 1954 to 1967, and Sota, who was to succeed them as the leading Spaniard, won the title in 1963. The "Ball of Santander," as Sota was known, also won eight open championships in Europe between 1963 and 1971 and took the Brazilian Open in 1965.

Sota and the Miguel brothers formed the backbone of Spanish professional golf during its humble beginnings and were succeeded in time by Gallardo and Madrid-born Valentin Barnos. But the Spaniards were still regarded as poor re-



Gallardo is called *El Abuelo*—The Grandfather.



Balzuela won the Portuguese Open on his first try.

lations by the British players and, more sinisterly, the lesser-known Spaniards were branded by one prominent British Ryder Cup player as "a bunch of cheats, experts with the leather masher [improving the lie with footwear in the rough] and carrying golf balls, all with the same number, to push down the trouser leg through the hole in the pocket when the five minutes allowed to search for a lost ball were nearly up, and no ball had been found."

A British PGA field official admitted that when he assumed his job he was warned to watch for such shenanigans



from "the continentals." To this day Europeans, particularly from the same country, are never paired together in British and continental tournaments if it can be avoided.

But the same British official also said, "I have found no evidence of cheating by the Spaniards in several seasons. Of course, there are occasions when translation of the rules of golf into several different languages causes problems with their interpretation. I have found that some of the foreign newcomers are not too familiar with rules in any language. But the Spanish are the best of the lot, most amenable to discipline and unfailingly polite. They get nothing but credit from me for their magnificent achievements. I wish we had a few more like them—willing to get off their backsides and work."

But why the sudden upsurge in playing standards in a basically backward golfing nation? The American influence has been of paramount, if indirect, importance. Of more than 40 new golf courses built and opened in Spain in the past decade—13 more are under construction—the vast majority have been designed and constructed along American lines. Heavily watered, lush greens encourage golfers to attack the hole, and the present generation of Spanish professionals is bold and fearless. Years of hanging around the dirt yards of caddie shacks enabled them to perfect their chipping ability, and they developed nerve by gambling their meager wages against each other.

Eight years ago Johnny de Vicuna, the autocratic president of the Spanish Golf Federation and PGA, enlisted the help of renowned British teaching professional John Jacobs for three weeks a year to coach a class that embraced the whole complement of Spanish professionals. Jacobs concentrated only on giving them all a good grip, a proper setup and a simple swing, which they in turn could pass on to their pupils and the caddies at their clubs. And so a uniform teaching and playing method was evolved. The results speak for themselves, and in the last three years Jacobs has limited his visits to Spain to a single week.



Garrido, twice a winner, is No. 2 in the Order of Merit

Jacobs said recently, "Every year there are many new young faces, all solemnly eager to learn and work. Of course, young Ballestero is easily the most gifted of the current crop of winners. He has a good swing now, but a little while back he had obviously modeled himself too much on Nicklaus. Like Jack, his swing was too upright, too much up and under with the shoulders, which, as I have told Jack, causes him at times to rock and block. I shall tell the class this year that they would do better to copy Tom Watson, who concentrates on getting his body out of the way and swinging with the arms. Antonio Garrido and Salvador Balbuena do this very well. Although Manuel Pintero is not so naturally gifted, he compensates with an absolutely superb short game, and he is striving to improve all the time. My most fervent hope is that one day I shall get all the British tournament professionals together for similar sessions."

Down the Spanish scale, the caddies are schooled and encouraged to play in the early mornings and late on summer evenings, oftentimes with clubs lent them by members. They progress through a number of local and regional tournaments until they each hand in three scorecards of four over par or better. Then, after passing an examination in the rules of golf, they are allowed to play in national tournaments, where a percentage of the prize money between 10% and 20%—is allocated to these aspirantes.

After four years, they can take a further examination to gain cards as assistant professionals. Once they are considered ready for international competition, the federation and the Ministry of Sport combine to sponsor them abroad.

Balbuena, for example, did not enter his first Portuguese Open until April 1976, when he was already 26 years of age. He won on that first attempt, too. This year at the same event Manuel Ramos, a 23-year-old mustachioed former caddie, now assistant professional at the exclusive El Prat club in Barcelona, repeated Balbuena's feat with a set of secondhand, 12-year-old British clubs in a shabby bag, all of which cost him \$42. A month later this tall, undernourished-looking youth pulled out his rusty, trusty



Pintero won the World Cup with Ballestero

seven-iron at the French Open, made a hole-in-one at the 131-yard ninth hole on the Marimne course at Le Touquet and won a \$22,000 Mercedes-Benz.

Not bad for someone who two years earlier was caddying doubles for \$8 a round. Ole

Elgin Gates, 54, likes nothing better than to take on the cocky young marksmen of the military. Next week he goes at it again in an attempt to score a unique triple at trapshooting's big blowout

by VIRGINIA KRAFT



**IF YOU CALL HIM OLD FOLKS,  
BE PREPARED TO DUCK**

**N**ext week, for the 78th consecutive year, the biggest, loudest show in sport gets under way at Vandalia, Ohio. Coming from every state in the union and from a dozen foreign countries, more than 20,000 men, women, teen-agers and toddlers will descend upon that hamlet (pop. 10,796) 10 miles north of Dayton to stage the Grand American Trapshooting Tournament, surely the largest peaceful armed invasion ever to take place anywhere.

Some will arrive by bus, train or even private airplane, but most will have driven to Vandalia. Every kind of vehicle—from pickup truck to family sedan to limousine to motorhome—can be found parked behind the shooting fields. Surprisingly, few people will have come solely as spectators. The two-century-old sport of trapshooting was created for the joy of participation, not as a means to fill idle time, and matching the diversity of the vehicles in the parking areas are the shotguns that everyone, it seems, is toting. They range from \$200 stock model automatics to elaborately engraved, gold-inlaid, custom-fitted doubles with price tags that begin at several thousand dollars.

For nine days, beginning each morning before 9 a.m. and continuing some evenings until well after dark, the contestants will fire more than three million shells at clay targets released from 72 traps located along a firing line that stretches for a mile and a quarter. The scores and averages of the 22,500 entries in 19 events will be recorded, computed and made part of the Amateur Trapshooting Association official record. Some 130,000 boxes of shells in 75 different trap loads will be sold, along with several truckloads of sporting clothes, shell bags, reloading machines, cups, T-shirts, shooting glasses, souvenirs and emblems. More than 50,000 meals will be served in the commissary; three times that number will be consumed around campfires, barbecue grills, from the tailgates of station wagons

and from bulging picnic baskets. Some \$65,000 worth of sterling silver trophies will be distributed, along with a Brink's load of cash prizes. Another \$3,500 worth of prizes will be awarded to card- and bingo-playing women and children, who can also take bus excursions to nearby museums, attend luncheons and watch fashion shows.

But for every woman at the shows there will be at least two on the firing line. It is not uncommon at Vandalia to see a grandmother shooting alongside a truck driver or a young woman in a maternity smock beside a business tycoon. And there are events and trophies for just about every possible combination of shooters: husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, sister and sister, veteran men, veteran women, juniors and sub-juniors (under 15).

The first Grand American was held in 1900 on Long Island, and since then so many people have made it an annual part of their lives that the number of jacket patches outstanding for attending 25 Grands is expected to exceed 300 this year. For some shooters this will be the 30th, 35th, 40th and even 50th Grand American; one father-son team compiled a record of more than a century of combined attendance.

While the most popular event is the Grand American Handicap—a wide open one-day affair that drew 3,925 shooters last year—the most prestigious title to be won at Vandalia is the International Clay Pigeon Championship of America, an event which attracts only the best shooters. This year it should also attract a large gallery of spectators, as 54-year-old Elgin Gates of Needles, Calif. tries to capture the title for an unprecedented third time. He will be competing against the hottest shots the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines have been able to produce in a year-long training effort to win back a crown the military had come to consider exclusively its own.

Unique among Vandalia's multitude of

events, the International is the only contest at the Grand American that is shot under international rules, the form of trapshooting shot in major world and Olympic contests. International trap differs from conventional "American" trap in a number of ways, not the least of which is the speed of the target. In conventional trap the clay bird travels away from the shooter at approximately 60 feet per second. In international shooting it moves twice as fast, and is thrown from a trap that not only swings from side to side, launching the birds through the angles of a 44-degree arc, but also oscillates up and down, so that there is wide variance in the horizontal plane on which the targets are presented to the shooter.

In conventional trap most targets are broken within 30 to 35 yards of the firing line. This means the shooter has barely a second after calling for the target to mentally compute the angle of flight and the effect of the wind before firing. But a shooter firing at an international target has less than half that time to make an even more complex computation, a fact that favors the young and swift of reflex. A competitor does, however, have two shots instead of one with which to break the bird, and many international shooters habitually fire both barrels as insurance.

At 12¢ to 15¢ a shell, such insurance can be costly, which is one reason the sport of international trap has been dominated in this country by young men shooting under the auspices of the military services. It is estimated that Sergeant Don Haldeman, who last summer brought the U.S. its first Olympic gold medal in trapshooting since 1920, burned about 300,000 rounds of ammunition training for that victory. Only someone with a very rich uncle could have afforded Haldeman's \$36,000 tab for ammo, not to mention target costs and the time, travel and living expenses while firing all those shells.

It was actually the Army's elite shooting unit at Fort Benning, Ga. that turned

continued

Elgin Gates on to international competition. Members of the U.S. Army Marksmanship Unit, as it is called, are recruited in much the same way colleges and universities sign athletes. The ancillary benefits these military deadeyes receive in return for their performances are, if anything, superior to what they would find in civilian life. Gates' two older sons, both of whom started trapshooting in 1966 along with their father, were spotted at a Winchester public trap range in Needles by an Army scout and invited to join the unit. Elgin Jr., then 18, did so in 1968. His brother Randy, then 17, joined the following year and is still in the service. Both were stationed at Fort Benning.

"I went back there to shoot with them," Gates recalls, "and to see what the program was all about. Here were all these young kids, 19, 20, 21 years old, doing nothing but shooting for three hours each morning, breaking for a leisurely lunch at an NCO club, then shooting a couple of hours more in the afternoon. All at taxpayers' expense. I've got nothing against that because we never would have done anything in European competition without this program—it's what has kept the U.S. in the international game. But when these Young Turks began to patronize me, to make cracks about my age, they didn't know what they were turning on. Nothing stimulates me like that kind of challenge. I decided to show these smart kids that the old man could lack the best of them. That became my sole and absolute desire: to beat these military hot shots, to beat the government, to beat Uncle Sam at this game."

Gates came close on his first real try, at the Grand American in 1971. In addition to winning the Class AA Trap Championship of America and two other titles, he tied with Spec S Doug Elson, a 23-year-old Army shooter, for first place in the International. A local sports-writer reported, "In a fantastic exhibition of shooting skills, Elgin Gates took on the world's greatest trapshooters and mowed them down like sitting ducks. . . . The home grounds of the Grand American National championships have never seen anything quite like it and may never again. When the smoke cleared away, Gates had smashed 1,008 clay targets without a miss."

In the shootoff with Elson, Gates' 1,009th bird, unfortunately, eluded him. The consolation prize was a trophy naming him "civilian champion" in the international event. Talk about being patronized. Gates was more determined than ever to beat the military. The next year he did, the first civilian to win the International since the event was begun in 1967. Last year, competing for the first time since '72, he won again, an unprecedented second in a row. The odds against a triple crown this year are long but, considering how Gates thrives on challenges, it would take a brave better to go against him.

Gates was born in Salt Creek, Wyo., on Nov. 7, 1922, the second son of an oil-field contractor who managed to move his family at the rate of once a year for the first 15 of Gates' life. "All the moving around made me a loner," Elgin says, "which was good because without a bunch of childhood friends to fall back on I had to rely on myself."

The longest he remembers staying in any one spot was the two years he spent at Flagstaff, Ariz., where he managed to win high school letters in track, tennis and archery.

After graduation Gates took a job as a busboy in the hotel run by the Fred Harvey chain at Grand Canyon, Ariz., where his future wife Dolly worked in the laundry. At night Gates played bass fiddle in the hotel band. Dolly and Elgin eloped to Flagstaff one night that summer, then drove all night to get back to their jobs by Monday morning. They spent their honeymoon in the woods because they were housed separately in the hotel's men's and women's dormitories.

"We worked for room and board and \$1 a day," Gates recalls, "and we were glad to get it. Playing in the band was worth another \$10 a month. But those were hard times and anyone with a job was lucky."

When the hotel closed in the fall the newlyweds moved to Las Vegas and then to Needles, where Elgin worked in his brother's gas station. Later, when World War II began, he moved to Los Angeles and spent the next two years as a welder before joining the Army in 1943. With the mustering-out pay he collected in 1945 Gates moved back to Needles with his wife and two baby daughters and opened a sporting-goods store. To pro-

mote the outboard engines he sold, Elgin began racing, first locally and then in state and national events.

"I was always a good mechanic," Gates says, "and I made some modifications in the Mercruiser I was racing that made them go faster."

They went so much faster that E.C. Kiehlhafer, then president of what is now Mercury Marine, brought Gates to the factory in Wisconsin to explain his improvements to the company's engineers. Kiehlhafer was so impressed by Gates' mechanical innovations that he made him a technical consultant and awarded him the Mercury distributorship for the Northwest. A year later Gates was switched to Southern California, Arizona and Nevada, and soon he was both affluent and, in racing circles, famous. By 1956, when he retired, he had won 463 trophies and set 26 U.S. world and international speed records racing all classes of outboard hydroplanes.

"But the racing game is a youth game," he says. "It's for instant reflexes and quick responses. The sound of a propeller under water is about four times louder than above. The sound of 30 or 40 of them coming at you when you've turned over is one you don't forget. I decided the time to quit was when I was on top."

Gates stopped racing with his health and titles intact and his eye on another sport, big-game hunting. Besides silver and gold loving cups, he had already begun adding trophies of another kind to the mansion at Newport Beach, Calif., that his outboard business had built. Growing up in the Depression West where a deer in the larder was often the difference between going hungry and not, Gates was not new to hunting. He had followed his brother and father afield almost as soon as he was old enough to walk. But it was not until 1955 that his interest shifted from meat hunting to trophy hunting and he made a safari to Kenya. In the subsequent 10 years he became one of the best-known big-game hunters in the world, putting more than 200 entries into the African, Asian and American record books and in 1960 winning the Weatherly award, the most esteemed in hunting.

In 1959 he was the first U.S. sportsman since the American Museum of Natural History's Morden and Clark Expedition 30 years earlier to collect the rare

(continued)

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*Ovis poli* sheep. It was a formidable hunt involving some 400 miles of travel on foot and yak, the loss of 35 pounds from his already lean 6' 1", 185-pound frame and a lung-racking passage over a 20,800-foot pass in the mountains of the Himalayas.

"I was taking folic acid pills and vitamin B<sub>12</sub>, which had been given me by a doctor who claimed they would make my red corpuscles more receptive to picking up oxygen," Gates recalls. "Suddenly nothing seemed to work. I'd take a step, then breathe three or four times. My chest felt as if it were in a vise. I thought I was running out of gas. Then I pulled out my altimeter and saw that it read 20,800 feet. I shook it a few times and the reading stayed the same. I was stunned by the height. For me the wild sheep of the world have always been the most challenging of all game, but taking this particular sheep was the No. 1 hunting experience of my life."

The *Ovis poli* and some 145 other trophies collected on his 35 safaris to various parts of the world literally filled the Newport Beach mansion. There were full-mounted antelopes, a tableau of lions, wall-to-wall zebra-skin carpeting in the den, several sets of elephant tusks and a full-mounted elephant head. Towering over all the other trophy specimens was a 10-foot polar bear.

When Gates retired from the outboard-motor business and moved back to Needles in 1965 he sold the Newport Beach house to John Wayne, who still lives there, and donated his trophy collection to the Omaha Zoological Society, where it is currently on display.

"I had collected everything I considered worthwhile," he says, "and I had seen the great hunting grounds of the world when they were at their best. Nothing ever really grabbed the eye like Kenya. But by the mid-1960s big-game hunting was running out." Gates has made only one safari back to Kenya, a sentimental journey in 1973, but by and large hunting, like boat racing, has now become part of his past.

"I knew I was ready for another sport," Gates says. "The woods are full of one-sport athletes—athletes who get bitter when their sport wears out, and who never find another one to take its place. I've been fortunate. When I left boat racing I was 35 and I just did not have the reflexes of an 18- or 19-year-old. It was

the right time to get out. I stopped hunting because there was really nothing left. I had taken the best. When I moved back to Needles I got into trapshooting, and it was the most natural thing in the world for me to try for the top.

"There are some people who enjoy any game just for the fun of competing and being there, but I can't do anything halfway. If I do something, I do it to win. I want to do it better than anyone else. Still, only a fool sets unrealistic goals. When I started shooting trap my first goal was to break 100 straight. My next was to make the All-America team. At my age that was considered to be quite a feat. Then I made both the International and National All-America teams twice in a row. I also won 18 national championships in five countries and set a world doubles record.

"When I tried for the International title again last year, it was to see if I could win it twice because nobody had ever done so. That's the kind of challenge I like. But an athlete has to recognize his physical limitations. In 1971 I shot all the events at the Grand—2,000 targets. Near the end of it, I was shot out. Last year I knew if I shot any preliminary events, I'd wear myself out for the International, so I saved everything I had for that event. It was worth it.

"Nobody has ever won the International three times, which is why I have to try for it once more. But if I don't win it, I'm not going to throw myself into the lake. I've won far more than I had ever hoped or expected to win. If I never fire another shot, I'm still miles ahead of the game.

"Now I'm up to my eyeballs in my fourth sport, handgun metallic silhouette shooting, and I expect to be as involved in this in the next few years as I ever was in racing, hunting or trapshooting. That's not to say that I am no longer interested in trapshooting but, at 54, I'm no spring chicken. It's time to set my sights on some new goals.

"But when I step out on that trap line next week, the one and only goal that will have 100% of my concentration is winning the International Clay Pigeon Championship of America for the third time. You better believe it."

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## A bargain, and bye-bye basement

*For \$85,000 Montreal got an exciting outfield and at last the Expos aren't last*

**A**nxious for a big-time star to lure disenchanted Quebecers to their new ball park, last winter the Montreal Expos offered free agent Reggie Jackson some \$3.5 million to play right field in Olympic Stadium for the next five years. They invited Jackson to Montreal for a visit one cold weekend, and wine and dined him at the city's most elegant French restaurants, but Jackson said non, merci.

"Don't worry," the Expos consoled their fans, "we'll have an outfield of Valentine, Dawson and Cromartie." Try selling Valentine, Dawson and Cromartie to fans already turned off by the Expos' penchant for trading away such quality players as Rusty Staub, Mike Torrez and Ken Singleton. "Let's hope the Stanley Cup playoffs never end," said one disgruntled Montrealer. "That way we won't have to watch the Expos at all."

Well, the hockey season did end, and—would you believe it?—the hottest topics of bilingual conversation around Montreal these days are not Guy Lafleur, Steve Shutt and Larry Robinson but Ellis Valentine, Andre Dawson and Warren Cromartie. The Expos seem to have lucked out at last. For the grand total of about \$85,000, or some \$615,000 less than they would have paid Jackson this season, the Expos have the best young outfield in the major leagues, not to mention the best bargain.

Rightfielder Valentine, who like Dawson and Cromartie is 23, makes \$35,000 and leads the Expos in batting (.303), home runs (17) and runs batted in (55). Centerfielder Dawson, who like Cromartie makes \$25,000, may well be the National League's Rookie of the Year. He is hitting .291 with 12 homers and 42 RBIs. Cromartie, also a rookie, has a .281 average with three home runs and 33 RBIs.

Largely on account of their three young outfielders, the Expos have snubbed their usual last-place position in the NL East to the New York Mets. "I hate to sit and watch," says veteran Montreal Outfielder Del Unser, who despite a .271 average usually sits and watches, "but those kids are exciting." In one four-game series against division leader Chicago, Valentine, Dawson and Cromartie produced a total of 21 hits, six home runs and 20 RBIs.

So far, 36% of their hits have been for extra bases, and they have beaten out 37 grounders for infield hits. In the field, Valentine and Dawson catch everything—Cromartie doesn't catch much of anything—and their arms range from great (Valentine) to average (Dawson) to on the third bounce (Cromartie).

The complete player is Valentine, who as a rookie last season led the Montreal outfielders with a .279 batting average. The 6'4", 205-pound Valentine "has the best arm in baseball," claims Expo Manager Dick Williams, who does not hesitate to rate Valentine's gun with the legendary arms of Roberto Clemente and Carl Furillo. Playing the outfield in only 88 games in the 1976 season, Valentine finished tied for fourth in the NL in assists with 12. This season he has thrown out only six base runners in 93 games, but as Williams explains, "Nobody dares to run on him anymore."

Before the recent All-Star Game, Valentine, who was Montreal's lone representative at Yankee Stadium, engaged in an impromptu throwing contest with Pittsburgh's Dave Parker, San Diego's Dave Winfield and Los Angeles' Reggie Smith. "We threw some clotheslines," says Winfield. "We left the fans with their mouths open. No, we didn't bet on our arms. We did it just to show off." Steve Garvey, who served as their cutoff man,

says, "The show those guys put on with their arms kind of set the tone for the game."

Valentine likes to put on a show, and not just with his arm. He often pauses at home plate to watch his home runs leave the premises, although on at least two occasions he has been burned when a "home run" became a very long single.

A graduate of Los Angeles' Crenshaw High School, Valentine was Montreal's second-round selection in the 1972 draft. He showed only modest power during his five seasons in the minors, but a .306 batting average at Triple-A Memphis in 1975 convinced the Expos to rush him to Montreal. He struggled early, was sent to Denver for several weeks, then returned to hit .279. This season he raised his average above .300 in the Expos' 14th game and it has remained there. "I'm on a lifetime hitting streak," Valentine says confidently.

Dawson is Valentine's silent partner. "Andre has to become more aggressive and take charge on the field," says Williams, who was so turned off in spring training by Dawson's reserved nature that he did not move him into the regular lineup until May 29. "It took me a while to feel comfortable," Dawson says. Still, he never uses two words when one will do, and rarely uses even one.

Born and raised in Miami, Dawson was the 250th player selected in the 1975 draft and signed with the Expos for \$2,000. In 186 minor league games he hit .343 and had 41 home runs and 130 RBIs. In typical fashion, the Expos promptly rushed him to Montreal. What better way to placate their disgruntled fans than to give them a centerfielder named Andre—even if he were no more of a Frenchman than Ken Dryden.

Since becoming a regular, Dawson has batted .316 and picked up a new nickname, "Awesome." Dawson, St. Louis Manager Vern Riffe, who managed Dawson last year at Denver, says, "Dawson is the kind of complete player who comes along once in a lifetime."

The comedian of the group is the loud and cocky Cromartie, but all too often he makes people laugh with his fielding antics in left field. In one game he turned a fly-ball out into a three-base hit when he casually flipped the ball out of his



Cromartie, Dawson and Valente are, collectively, batting .291 with 32 home runs and 130 RBIs

glove instead of removing it with his bare hand. In another game he dropped a fly ball while attempting an unnecessary one-handed stab. And then there is his four-star classic: he moved in to catch a routine fly ball only to have the ball land behind him and roll for an inside-the-park home run.

"My disadvantage is defense," Cromartie admits. "I can accept that, though, because I can make up for it with my bat." Sometimes he does. Playing for Quebec three years ago, he lost the Eastern League's batting title by .009, and last season at Denver he was among the leaders in the American Association batting race when the Expos recalled him in August.

The only left-handed batter of the threesome, Cromartie works regularly with a batting tee to maintain his level swing. He has hit left-handed pitchers well (.261), but has failed to come through when Expo runners have been in scoring position (.211). Cromartie did not hit his first major league home run until his 402nd at bat for the Expos, and when the ball disappeared over the right-field fence he charged around the bases with his right fist raised. When he reached the dugout, though, none of the Expos were there to greet him. Instead, the players were trying to "revive" Williams, who was stretched out on the floor.

"I like to laugh," Cromartie says, "and I like to make people laugh."

Cromartie, who like Dawson grew up in Miami, married a French-Canadian, the former Carole Ringuelet, in December 1975 and now Montreal's baseball fans just hope that the Expos don't trade off Cromartie the same way they disposed of Singleton, Torres, Tim Lincecum, and Bill Stoneman after they had married Quebecers. Barring that, as Second Baseman Dave Cash says, "Montreal's outfield problems are solved for the next five to ten years."

## THE WEEK

(July 24-30)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

## NL EAST

During the break for the All-Star Game, Pittsburgh Picher Jerry Reuss "slept late, sat on the porch, heard the crickets chirp, stuck my feet in the Atlantic Ocean and washed away the first half of the season." Reuss had to wash away a lot, particularly his 4-10 record. Clearly cleaned, Reuss recorded his second straight post-vacation, complete-game victory by downing the Braves 6-3. Relievers Kent Tekulve and Rich Gossage also helped the Pirates (6-1) advance to within a

game of first place. Tekulve did not allow an earned run in 5½ innings and won twice, improving his record to 9-1. His first win came when the Bucs scored twice in the bottom of the 13th on singles by Rennie Stennett, Ed Ott and Omar Moreno and a busily-loaded walk to Jim Fregosi to beat the Braves 7-6. Tekulve's second triumph was a 3-2 decision over Houston, Stennett singing across the clinching run in the 11th. Gossage registered his 17th save, preserving John Candelaria's 11th victory by containing Houston 3-2. Then, after the Pirates scored five runs in the top of the eighth, Gossage blanked the Braves for two innings to secure a 10-6 win. Bill Robinson walloped his second grand slam in three days during the five-run uprising. In all, Robinson had four homers and drove in 13 runs.

Looking scruffy is Al Hrabosky's way of clearing up his act. St. Louis (7-1) owner Gusse Busch gave Hrabosky permission to remove the mustache and beard that new Manager Vern Riffe had ordered shaved off last spring. The husky Hrabosky looked in a mirror and said "I felt like cutting my throat before. Now I see something ugly. That's good." Better still for the Cardinals were Hrabosky's third win and his eighth save, the former coming when the Cardinals rallied past the Braves 5-3, the latter when they scored four times in the eighth to overhaul the Reds 4-1. Enc Rasnussen and John Lincecum got 3-0 wins over the Reds and the Braves, respectively. Rasnussen, who paid \$150 during the off-season to have his first name legally changed from Harry to Enc, continued his mastery over the Reds by throwing them 10-3 with the aid of a grand slam by Keith Hernandez. In wrapping up a 7-1 home stand, St. Louis had a six-game winning streak, its longest in more than two years. That spurt gave the Cardinals a 37-18 record at Busch Stadium.

Chicago (4-5) had to scramble, scrape and scratch to stay in first place. Rick Reuschel (15-3) won twice, buffing the Reds 3-0 and beating them in relief two days later. In that game Cincinnati led 6-0 in the first, 10-7 in the third, 14-10 in the eighth and 15-14 in the 12th—only to lose 16-15 in the 13th. Reuschel began the decisive rally with a single, sprinted to third on a single by Steve Ontiveros and scored on a single by Dave Ross. Reuschel was the 13th and last pitcher used in the four-hour-50-minute marathon. Two major league records were equaled as the teams slugged five home runs in the first inning and 11 altogether. The Cubs hit six, including two each by George Mitterwald and Bill Buckner. All told, Chicago had 24 hits, Cincinnati 19.

Also doing some robust hitting were the normally anemic Mets (4-2), who pounded out 30 hits while knocking off the Giants 8-3.

continued

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**BASEBALL continued**

and 7-4. A home run by Felix Millan, the first given up by Giant Reliever Gary Lavelle in 114 innings over the past two seasons, was instrumental in the second win. Rookie Steve Henderson continued to hit well, batting .435. Craig Swan gave up just three hits as the Mets defeated the Dodgers 3-0, and Jerry Kosman, aided by Skip Lockwood's 16th save, downed the Padres 4-1.

Playing it safe, the Expos (3-6) learned, was not all that safe. To provide their starting pitchers with ample rest, the Expos had them travel in advance of the team. However, all three—Wayne Twitchell, Don Sutton and Steve Rogers—came up losers. Routine bunts also caused trouble for the Expos, they batted five in a row. One attempt was turned into a double play even though the prospective hurler, Pitcher Stan Bahnsen, did not make contact with the ball. When Bahnsen took a pitch instead of hitting, Wayne Garrett was thrown out going to third base and Pete Mackanin was doubled up after getting a late start for second.

Troubled, too, were the Phillies (4-4). Returning from the West Coast, they were not greeted at the airport by the usual chartered bus and had to shuttle to the Veterans Stadium parking lot aboard an air-freight truck that Steve Carlton labeled Noah's Ark. It was well past 3 a.m. before most of the Phillies got to bed. That night they forgot to cover bases and muffed fly balls, and Pitcher Randy Lerch took a full windup that allowed Willie McCovey to steal second during San Francisco's 7-0 romp. But the next day the well-rested Phillies drabbed the Giants 9-3 as Carlton won his 14th game. Greg Luzinski hit his third homer of the week and 24th of the season in that contest. During the week, Luzinski had 10 RBIs, going him 25 in 17 games. Jim Lonborg stopped the Dodgers 5-1 on two hits, and Garry Maddox' 12th-inning triple beat the Padres 6-4.

CHICAGO 41 PITTSD 43 PHIL 58-43  
ST. L 56-47 MONT 40-53 NY 42-58

**NL WEST** The Astros and Giants won doubleheaders, the Reds achieved individual goals but were being called the Big Dead Machine, the Padres got a rare complete game, and the Braves were happy to be home. But only the Dodgers (6-2) had a winning week. Dramatic home runs propelled Los Angeles to a pair of wins. Davey Lopes, given a life after Mel Rightfielder Bruce Bozinger dropped his foul fly, beat New York with a two-out, three-run homer in the bottom of the ninth. And pinch hitter Lee Lacy hit a two-out, two-run homer in the eighth to lift the Dodgers over the Phillies 7-5. Tommy John (11-4) beat Philadelphia 2-1. Doug Rau (12-3) stopped Montreal 4-1. Reliever Mike Garman saved three games, and suddenly the Dodgers had a 14-game lead over second-place Cincinnati.

continued

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Pete Rose of the Reds (2-7) set a career switch-hitting record when he rapped out his 2,881st hit, one more than the late Frankie Frisch, and Johnny Bench joined Yogi Berra, Bill Dickey and Gabby Hartnett as the only catchers to drive home 1,000 runs. But the Reds were shut out twice and once again suffered from deplorable pitching; Cincinnati hurlers gave up 36 runs and 53 hits in one four-game stretch. A 6-2 win in Chicago ended the Reds' eight-game losing streak, their longest since 1966.

Dave Friesleben's 4-3 win over Montreal was only the second complete game of the year by a San Diego pitcher and the first in 74 games, a big league record to forget. George Hendrick hit three home runs, drove in 11 runs and batted .438. Rookie Third Baseman Tucker Ashford's two-run homer in the ninth gave the Padres (3-5) a 7-5 win over the Expos. But San Diego lost a 5-2, 15-inning game to Montreal. The Padres had 13 hits (six by rookie Gene Richards), eight walks and eight stolen bases, but stranded 18 runners.

Eight Astro doubles in one game, three by rookie Terry Poff (a Poff hit?), tied a club record and led to an 11-3 win over Chicago. Houston (14-1) won three other games from the Cubs, with Joe Niekro leaving his usual bullpen seat to pick up two of them as a starter, 6-4 and 1-0. His first victory came in a doubleheader sweep, the Astros taking the opener 10-6.

On the same day that Joe Niekro won 1-0, brother Phil celebrated Atlanta's return home by downing Pittsburgh 5-3. Phil picked three Pirates off base in that game, and in the sixth inning struck out four batters, one of whom reached base after a third-strike knuckler eluded Catcher Biff Pocoreba. While on the road, the Braves (11-6) lost seven of eight, and their away record is a baseball-worst 11-40. At home the Braves are 25-25.

San Francisco began the week by sweeping a doubleheader from Montreal, 3-0 and 5-4. After that, the Giants lost four of five.

LA 65-38 CIN 50-51 HOU 48-56  
SF 47-57 SD 45-41 ATL 36-65

## AL WEST

As Kansas City Manager White Herzog boarded the Royals' bus after the team's second straight loss in Chicago, a White Sox fan shouted, "Tomorrow you'll be a believer." Replied Herzog, "I believe tonight." What made Herzog a believer was a rally that carried the Sox from a 3-0 sixth-inning deficit to a 6-4 win and a 59th game lead over the Royals. The Sox (5-1) made other believers, too, by hitting 11 home runs, batting .336 and coming from behind for all their wins. In Boston they trailed 7-3 after seven, but won 8-7 as Jim Spencer hit a three-run homer in the eighth and Brian Downing cleared Fenway Park's Green Monster in the ninth. Leading the assault were Richie Zisk (.400,

nine RBIs), Eric Soderholm (four homers), Jorge Orta (.417) and Ralph Garr (.400).

Reliever Doug Bird hiked his record to 8-1 with a pair of 5-4 wins over Cleveland. K.C.'s only successes in five games. Bird's first victory came when Bob Herse bunted home the tying run in the ninth and scored the winner in the 11th on a single by George Brett, who batted .458 during the week.

Three extra-inning wins buoyed the Twins (6-2). Lyman Bostock homered in the 12th to beat Oakland 10-9. Larry Hise singled in the 11th to knock off the A's 2-1 as Dave Goltz won his 12th game; and Roy Smalley homered in the 14th to finish off Cleveland 4-3. Mike Cuddage, who had hit only one home run all season, swatted three in three games. And reliever Tom Johnson yielded just one run in 10½ innings while notching his 10th and 11th saves and 11th and 12th wins.

Ben Blyleven and Gaylord Perry tossed back-to-back shutouts for Texas (5-1), beating Toronto 14-0 and 3-0, respectively. Jim Sundberg's homer in the bottom of the 12th overhauled the Tigers 6-5.

Don Baylor of California (4-4) seems to have emerged from his season-long hitting slump, thanks to tips from former Cleveland Manager Frank Robinson, now the Angels' batting coach. "I moved him closer to the plate, forward in the box, had him spread his legs a bit, lowered his hands and tried to get him to keep his weight back," says Robinson. Remembering all that, Baylor hit .333 in 14 games, and last week had four homers and 13 RBIs. Two of Baylor's home runs helped Nolan Ryan beat Seattle 7-2.

Mitchell Page of Oakland (2-6) stole his 25th base in a row, tying Baylor's league record. But the A's continued to struggle, although Vida Blue beat California's Frank Tanana 2-1 when Larry Murray missed a squeeze-bunt sign and hit a two-run triple.

John Montague of Seattle (2-6) equaled Steve Busby's league record by retiring 33 consecutive batters in two games during the past two weeks. A walk to Minnesota's Craig Kusick ended Montague's feat eight batters short of the major league record 41 retired by San Francisco's Jim Barr in 1972, and his hitless streak was ended at 13½ innings when Dave Skiggs of the Orioles singled. Dan Meyer drove in five runs as the Mariners outlasted the Twins 9-7.

CHI 61-37 KC 65-42 MNN 58-45 TEX 53-45  
CAL 47-52 SEA 45-61 OAK 42-59

## AL EAST

Squandering big leads had become a trademark of Boston pitchers until three rookies—Don Aase, Mike Paston and Bob Stanley—came to the rescue. Aase (pronounced AH-se), fresh up from the Red Sox' farm club in Pawtucket, R.I., beat the Brewers 4-3 in his major league debut. "Aase's fastball was overpow-

ering," said Catcher Carlton Fisk. Aase struck out 11, the most by any Red Sox pitcher all season. Paston stopped Milwaukee 12-0 on four singles, and Stanley, relieving Luis Tiant after he had been hit on the hand by a line drive, hurled 2½ scoreless innings to complete a 3-0 victory over Nolan Ryan and the Angels. Before the rookies took command, Boston pitchers had been shelved for 26 runs in three games. Also helping the Red Sox (4-3) stay in hot pursuit of the Orioles (page 16) was Jim Rice, who hit his 25th, 26th and 27th home runs to take the league lead from teammate George Scott. Rice drove in nine runs and had 12 hits in 27 at bats to raise his average to .319, the third highest in the league.

Rookie pitchers also gave Detroit (4-2) a lift. Bob Sykes, 22, stopped Toronto 6-2 on a two-batter to move the Tigers into fifth place. Dave Rozema, 21, gave up four homers but beat Texas 13-6 for his 10th win. Sinkersballer Fernando Arroyo, 25, beat Chicago 3-1, holding the White Sox to eight hits and getting 17 ground-ball outs as Detroit climbed to fourth place. On the negative side, Mark Fidrych was placed on the disabled list with tendinitis in his right shoulder.

## PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**JIM BARR:** After going five weeks without a victory, the San Francisco right-hander hurled two straight shutouts, stopping the Montreal Expos 3-0 on four hits and beating Philadelphia 7-0 to improve his record to 10-7.

There was much speculation that Manager Billy Martin would be replaced as any moment, but Yankee Owner George Steinbrenner said, "You can bet he will have his job in October." Graig Nettles slugged his 23rd and 24th home runs for New York (5-1), and Dick Tidrow saved Don Gullett's ninth and 10th victories.

Grousing about anything and everything has become S.O.P. these days, but Milwaukee's Don Money, who holds major league fielding records as both a second and third baseman, did not utter a whimper when Manager Alex Grammas asked him to shift to left field so newcomer Lenn Sakata could be installed at second base. Money helped the Brewers (3-3) rebound from four one-run losses in a row by hitting his 15th homer in a 14-5 rout of the Red Sox. He also hit his 16th as Milwaukee trimmed the Blue Jays 7-3, and drove in two runs in a 3-2 win over Toronto.

Cleveland and Toronto were both 0-6. Jim Norris became the first Indian to steal a base in 36 games, but the offense was still lackluster. Even more futile were the Blue Jays, who hit .204 and were outscored 41-10.

BAL 59-43 BOS 57-43 NY 57-45 DET 46-54  
MIL 46-56 CLE 43-55 TOR 34-66

## Wallflowers in bloom

*Thanks largely to an influx of big-name foreign players and low ticket prices, crowds at a number of NASL franchises have sprouted to pro football proportions*

Rodney Marsh, a Tampa Bay Rowdies forward, moved the ball cautiously past midfield one humid night recently, watching and waiting. He saw the opening amid the L.A. Aztecs' defenders and booted a perfectly timed and placed pass to the toe of Striker Derek Smethurst, who faked Goalkeeper Bob Rugby and fired in a low shot for the score.

Then Marsh, his narrow face split by a wide grin, turned delightedly on his heels toward his bench and applauded, shyly and delicately, his own picture-perfect pass and the team's goal.

Like Marsh, the North American Soccer League has been congratulating itself of late, and why not? Now in its 10th year, the league is enjoying its best season at the gate as a result of a successful mixture of show-biz savvy and marketing techniques worthy of a new detergent. Helped by two pro football-size

crowds—62,394 and 57,191—for consecutive Cosmos games in June, NASL attendance is up 29% over last year, 2,718,357 fans having passed through the turnstiles. Franchises in Bloomington, Mann., Seattle, Tampa, San Jose and Dallas have a chance to finish the season in the black for the first time.

Who exactly is filling the stands around the country? Who are these newly converted soccer fans? And why are they turning out in ever-increasing numbers? If you think that a typical NASL fan is of European or South American descent and goes to a soccer match fondly recalling the game in the Old Country, you are dead wrong. The Minnesota Kicks, whose average home attendance of 32,133 is second only to the league-leading 33,024 of the star-studded Cosmos, show a very different fan profile. The new American soccer crowd is not

ethnic: it is white, middle- and upper-middle class, younger than an NFL crowd (averaging 18 to 25), more than half college educated, almost half women and a third children under 14. Tampa and Dallas closely conform to this profile, and in Dallas more than a third of the average crowd of 16,500 earns in excess of \$25,000 a year.

Dick Berg, the general manager of the Dallas Tornado, one of the two remaining original NASL franchises, offers some of the reasons for this welcome turn of events. "You can market all you want," he says, "but sports must follow people's moods, not create them. Soccer is the 'now' sport for a variety of timely reasons."

"First, soccer is an anti-Establishment game. It is not sanctified like the NFL or specialized like the NBA. Its individual play and constant movement are uncorporate, and we're attracting the young adults who grew up in the '60s, the people who were then anti-Vietnam, had longer hair and listened to different music. They spend dollars now, and soccer has attracted them."

"Like tennis, soccer has a great deal of individual creativity, which young adults identify with these days. The game has a fluid movement that fits the times. Like physical fitness, it's an idea that has seized the national imagination."

"Normal folks can identify with soccer stars, too. You don't have to be 7' 3" or weigh 230 pounds to play it, so people come to watch 'their' players."

"And 49% of our paying customers are female. I don't think a sport will make it big again if women don't like it."

Scenes around the league confirm Berg's pitch. In Minneapolis, pregame tailgate parties in the free parking lots are the rage. In Tampa, Rodney Marsh and the rest of the Rowdies appear at a local restaurant after games to boost one with their "Fannies" and autograph T-shirts, matchbooks and even, in one case, a white poodle. In Dallas, young fans can attend parties at a local hotel to chat with players and coaches, boogie with their favorite star and talk to the most famous homegrown player, Kyle Rose (he's dropped the Jr.). Dallas Coach Al Miller says, "I hope the sport stays on a human scale like this—we need heroes, not gods."

Says Rowdies General Manager Beau Rogers, "The whole trick of marketing



*Portland may be in love with its basketball Trail Blazers, but there's a lot left over for the Timbers*



soccer in the U.S. is that it is fun. A little naughty, but basically family entertainment. In Minneapolis, Seattle, Dallas and here we keep it light, modest and active. Above all, it should be a joy to go to a game, not a civic duty."

To this end the game has been altered. Says Miller, "The league has made rules to encourage scoring. Americans like action and goals, and we're providing it. The most successful teams at the gate are usually the high-scoring, offensive sides. So we established the shoot-out to decide ties and scoreless games, and there's the point system, which encourages scoring for league standings even on the road and when you're losing."

"We don't want what happened to English soccer to happen here, where not losing becomes so important that all you do is go for the tie on the road and play so defensively at home that fans go to sleep."

The Vancouver Whitecaps, under their new coach, Tony Watters, switched to an offense-oriented style of play this season and raised their average attendance to 11,385. Dallas, too, employs an all-out attack, and the Cosmos, of course, have Pelé (three hat tricks this season), Chunga and Beckenbauer, soccer's answer to the cast of *A Bridge Too Far*.

The youth soccer movement in the U.S. has contributed to the game's new popularity. Kids are attending NASL games in fast-growing numbers and bringing moms and dads. Says Terry Hanson, the Washington Diplomats' PR man, "I'm a Catholic, and I remember that the only time church was filled was when we kids paraded with candles and bow ties." The Rowdies capitalize on the youth movement by offering a special family ticket, admitting four for \$10, and in Bloomington anyone under 18 can get a good seat for \$2.25.

Dick Berg says, "Soccer is a low-overhead sport. When I was with the San Francisco 49ers our medical bills, insurance and all would run \$300,000 some years. Last year the Tornado medical bill was \$3,000, and we had a lot of injuries. Also, we can outfit a whole team for the price of helmets in the NFL."

The main reason that ticket prices are low in the NASL is that average player salaries are, too. But, like the crowds, salaries are increasing. Paul Child, a striker for the San Jose Earthquakes, says, "Five years ago the average player was getting

\$6,000, now we're up to maybe \$20,000."

Rowdies owner, George Strawbridge Jr., says, "The worldwide player pool in soccer is so vast and so diversified that we could run the league just on South Africans or Caribbeans. We wouldn't even need Europe. And the competition to play is so great that salaries are going to stay relatively low. Also, we have no second league to inflate salaries, like the WHA or WFL or ABA."

Many experts challenge the quality of play in the NASL. After an exhibition match in San Jose, Calif. this year, Manager Eddie McCreadie of Chelsea, an English second-division side, intimated that the level of play here was about mediocre. English second-division—or not very good. But it has improved immensely since 1973, with NASL teams holding their own in exhibitions against English, Italian, South American and Russian teams, and these events are great crowd pleasers, too. In Tampa, a preseason game against Zenit of Leningrad drew 42,000. And if the Cosmos, backed by

the Warner Communications coffers, continue to lure world-class players away from Europe and Brazil, they could be one of the finest soccer teams in the world. They now have two World Cup team captains and next season may add a third, Johan Cruyff of Holland.

But, putting together a few teams of superstars is not what the NASL wants. Lamar Hunt, owner of the Dallas Tornado and one of the league's founders, says, "I was in a motel room in Tyler, Texas when Pelé played his first game in the States, and as I watched on television, I thought, 'Well, we've made it. It was worth the agony, the lean years.'"

"You can take nothing away from what Pelé's done for the NASL, but I'm sure he'd agree with me when I say that Minnesota, averaging 33,000 in a city where they walked in cold against pro baseball and football, is the real success story. To make it in a major-sports market, not pushing anybody out of the way but filling a gap—that's what we're all about. That's success!"

END



Imports, such as George Best of Los Angeles via England, have raised the caliber of play.

# A Wood can be a putter

*If his first name is Willie and he is 16, he is likely to hole any ball on the green which he did often enough last week to win the National Junior championship*



One of the unwritten rules of golf is that there is no putter like a young putter. Play long enough and you wind up like Sam Snead, turned around sideways, bent over and putting with a jerk and a guess, trying to get the darn thing in the hole the best way you can.

Consider Willie Wood, a 16-year-old from Lake Charles, La., who will be a high school junior this fall. Although he downs four meals a day, he stands only 5' 5" and weighs but 120 pounds, yet he played the perilous Scarlet Course in Ohio State University during last week's USGA Junior Amateur Championship as if the greens were carpeted and studded with windmills and loop-

the-loops. In two days of practice, two rounds of qualifying and six grueling rounds of match play, Wood three-putted only three times. Asked for the magic formula he uses to sink putts from everywhere but the ball washers, Wood shrugged and said, "I think of the ball going in the hole."

Throughout the week, people marveled at Willie's ability to turn an apparent two putts into one. Hardly would they recover from one remarkable putt than another would disappear into the cup. And another. And another. Until Wood had won the title with a four and three victory over David Games of Bellflower, Calif. Besides being a gifted putter, Wood is a straight driver. Against Games he missed only one fairway, made six birdies and used a mere 20 putts in 15 holes. "He plays computer golf," moaned Games.

This sort of performance was further proof that kid golfers are better than ever. In fact, the USGA has noted such an improvement in the caliber of play since it inaugurated the junior tournament for those under 18 in 1948, that it felt secure in staging this year's event on the Scarlet Course, which can be as dangerous as a dark alley at midnight. It was designed by the renowned golf architect Alister MacKenzie and has served as the site of some spurned twilight golf. Ohio Staters such as Jack Nicklaus, Tom Weiskopf, Ed Sneed or Jerry McGee might duck out for a quick nine before dinner.

Nicklaus, incidentally, played in the Juniors five times but never made it past the semifinals, which could explain why it is not considered a major championship, although Gay Brewer, Mason Rudolph, Tommy Jacobs and Johnny Miller all won, and Ken Venturi and Al Geisberger were runners-up.

Over the years the character, as well as the quality, of the Junior field has changed. The tournament once was the domain of those born with silver putters in their hands and raised on country-club

dates. Normal members of public courses and players from clubs where the sprinkling system is a garden hose are in the field. Wood is the son of a golf pro at a municipal course, and Games practices at a driving range and hits shag balls in an open field at a high school. Two other contestants used to modest layouts, the Allenspach brothers, Mitch and Mark from Oxford, Ohio, made it through the first day of match play. In fact, 16-year-old Mitch tied a tournament record with a nine and eight victory over Michael Frey. The brothers play on a small, and nine-hole course that Mark describes as a "drive and wedge course, sometimes a drive and putt."

Defending champion Madden Hatcher III was trying to become the first player to win the tournament twice. Mike Brannan came closest when he won in 1971 at 15, but two years later missed a short putt on the 18th hole of his final match with Jack Renner, then lost on the 2nd hole of a sudden-death playoff. Hatcher got off to a shaky start, shooting 80-82-162 on Tuesday and Wednesday and qualifying by a mere stroke for match play, although the Columbus, Ga. youth was good enough to make it to the fourth round of this year's British Amateur. "These other guys never miss a fairway," said Hatcher. "And if they do it's only by 10 feet."

Wood, talking nicely to his putter, led the 64 qualifiers with 73-68-141 over the par 36-36-72 course, then said he was more excited about getting his picture taken with Nicklaus, who showed up Wednesday to watch his 15-year-old son Jack II. The younger Nicklaus triple-bogeyed the 16th hole, however, and went back to the practice tee with rounds of 84-83-167.

Madden Hatcher III was a first-day casualty, winning his opening match, then dropping a three and two afternoon decision to Charles Dickinson Jr., thanks to a lost ball, an out-of-bounds and too much intimacy with the course's evergreens. Dickinson, from Modesto, was one of 16 Californians in the tournament and one of 12 who qualified for match play. California has a renowned junior golf program. "This is almost relaxing for us," said Bill Corbett of San Rafael, who tied for fourth in qualifying before losing to Mach Allenspach in the morning round Friday. "There are kids back home who can beat half the kids here."

Californians had won the Junior title four of the last six years so it was not surprising that three of the four semifinalists were from the Golden State. Wood, who was four under par in destroying Match Allenspach seven and five on Friday, joined Games. Corey Pavin, the Oxnard golfer who was the youngest (17) ever to win the Los Angeles city championship, and Eric Evans of Thousand Oaks.

It rained Friday, but Saturday was clear and dry and both semifinal matches had the same script. Pavin got off to a three-up lead over Wood, and Evans had Games four down, but the matches went to the final hole. Wood won one up when Pavin hooked a five-iron into deep rough and double-bogeyed the hole. "I thought about Arnold Palmer and Gary Player," said Willie, describing his comeback. "Palmer would hunch up his pants and Player would grit his teeth. So I hitched up my pants and gritted my teeth." Meanwhile, Games won four of five holes on the back nine, two with birdies, and held on for a one-up victory over Evans.

Like many of the players, Wood was carrying his own bag. "It costs \$7 for a caddy," he said. "I can't afford it. Whew, that plane ticket killed me." Although Wood was shaky in the semifinals, it was a different scorecard in the afternoon. He one-putted four of the first five holes, two for birdies, took a two-up lead, and when he birdied the 9th hole from 18 feet, Games, who was within five feet of the cup, just shook his head. Games missed his birdie and made the turn three down.

Games is a very determined kid. He was raised by his grandparents, plays golf in order to pursue a college education and throughout the week he had rallied from behind. On Friday against Greg Ladehoff, of Clinton, Iowa, he was two down with two holes left, but he won on the 19th. But Willie Wood was a different opponent. He just kept driving the ball in the fairway, shouldering his clubs and knocking his approaches close to the hole. When he one-putted the 12th through 15th holes, using a huckery-shifted putter he estimates is 60 years old, it was all over.

That left Willie with only one problem: how to buy pants. You see, he has a 28-inch waist. "I'm not big enough for a man and I'm too big for a boy," he drawled. Right now, he is just about junior size, championship category. **END**

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When Delvin Miller arrived at the Syracuse, N.Y. airport last Saturday, awaiting him was the first of many omens that his day was seemingly ill-starred. He was told that the only rental car available was a small economy model. Miller, who is 64, has won more than \$8 million since he started harness racing for pay in 1941. He also is the proprietor of a horse farm and the founder of The Meadows racetrack in Meadowlands, Pa. He is not the small economy type. Nor does he hitchhike. So Miller drove the little car the 35 miles to Vernon Downs so he could drive Speed In Action in the class \$100,000 Gold Cup, the first race this season that included all the best 3-year-old trotters.

He arrived to omen No. 2; his racing silks had not been brought to the track as promised. Miller without his familiar gold-and-brown colors is like Santa Claus without his red-and-white suit. Which is what Miller looked like in borrowed red-and-white silks—a right jolly old elf. But it got worse. He was verbally abused by a security man who felt Miller didn't belong in the dressing room.

Then there was Speed In Action and his questionable knees. Even Miller says, "He's just a nice colt." That's faint praise. So could Speed win against this field? Using his borrowed whip to doodle in the dust on his borrowed boots, Miller said, "Probably not."

So much for all-starred days. Miller and SIA went out and finished second in a qualifying heat and first in the final to establish the colt as most worthy of strong Hambletonian consideration.

Looking down at his ill-colored and ill-fitting garb in the winner's circle, Miller allowed, "I've never looked worse or felt better." He had just won a purse of \$27,500 and he was permitting himself to think that, just maybe, he will sit behind his second Hambletonian winner.

It wasn't that Speed In Action, trained by Sonny Graham, was a plow horse dressed up in fancy racing colors. Only 10 days earlier the colt had won a race in Montreal in a world-record (for a 5/8-mile track) 1:58.2. Further, with three firsts and four seconds in seven starts this year—plus 12 victories in 25 outings as a 2-year-old—Speed obviously had credentials. Still, a few backstretch experts eluded about the colt's loss to an unknown five days after his world record and reckoned as how five starts in one

## Red, white and true

*In the Gold Cup the driver's colors were wrong, but the colt's finish was right*

month might be just too much racing.

Speed In Action had indeed provided cause for concern. Last October, after a splendid season in which he never finished out of the money and his purses of \$127,307 made him the leading 2-year-old money winner among trotters, bone chips were discovered in both knees. The colt underwent surgery that made him more than a month late for training in Florida last winter. Miller scoffs at talk of knee problems and says, "They're both as sound as a dollar." The dollar being what it is, that, too, may be faint praise.

With 16 colts entered, the field for the Gold Cup was divided into two eight-horse divisions, the first five finishers in each division qualified for the final. Speed In Action drew the first group, with his principal opposition coming from Cold Comfort, considered the second-best trotter in the Haughton stable behind Green Speed, but steady and impressive all year, and Texas, rapidly improving under the care and driving of Bill Herman. So rapidly, in fact, that Texas had blown the doors off Cold Comfort a few days earlier in Canada. "Now we've got to find out if he has enough ability to win the big races," Herman said. Perhaps they did. Peter Haughton took Comfort to the top by the half-mile pole and kept him there while Speed In Action closed with a rush and was second by a neck, a fraction ahead of Texas.

In the other division, racing know-it-alls said it would be a two-colt race between Green Speed and ABC Freight. For a change they were right. All season Green Speed has shown what the opposition considers alarming speed. He also has shown what everyone considers an alarming habit of breaking stride. But this time he held it to finish three quar-

ters of a length ahead of ABC Freight, trained and driven by Clint Galbraith.

For the final, heat winners Green Speed and Cold Comfort were coupled as an entry, a requirement when horses are from the same stable. The odds dropped to 2 to 3, which meant most of the 7,895 fans knew one or the other would win. Second choice was Texas and third choice was a toss-up between ABC Freight and Speed In Action.

ABC showed his good heat performance had been no fluke by taking the lead and holding it against stiff challenges. Green Speed raced second and Cold Comfort third. Suddenly Green Speed broke stride and tripped. That, in turn, slowed Cold Comfort, who was following Miller seized the opportunity to squirt through on the rail. Comfort seemed to have used up his available trot for the evening and Miller was astounded. "I'd been thinking how content I'd be with second," he said. "Now all that remained was to hunt down Freight, and 30 yards from the end Speed In Action collared him and rolled to a neck victory. The time was a track record 1:57.2, only a second off world-record time. Andy Grant of New York City, the main owner of Speed, was asked when he felt the contest was won. "Right there," said Grant, pointing, "when the colt posed that sign that says FINEST." It was that close. Texas finished third, Cold Comfort was fourth and Green Speed wound up fifth.

So the Gold Cup, the richest race in the 25-year history of Vernon Downs, served as a solid preview of the Hambletonian. It demonstrated anew that while Green Speed may be fastest, he has not conquered his tendency to break stride. Cold Comfort continued steady but evidenced a lack of speed under pressure. Texas showed he still is a corner (ABC Freight is ineligible for the Hambo because sustaining payments were inadvertently missed).

And Speed In Action? Miller may be right—that it's time to admit that this colt is ready to play hardball with the big hitters. As a reward, Speed is being turned out on Miller's farm for a couple of weeks so he can romp and act like a real horse. For his part, Miller hung up his borrowed silks, got into his little car and went off to a local pub to rent a few drinks and talk about how omens don't mean a thing.

END

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# **EASY TIMES' THE HARD WAY**

After long years on the hustle, pool shooter Danny D realizes that he bought a dream. He has also discovered—too late—that the price was exorbitant

CONTINUED

## HARD WAY

continued

**D**arkness. Eighty miles from Albuquerque, and the 3 a.m. air is clear and still outside the tavern save for a chorus of singing tires fading down the highway. Shapes jumble together in the parking lot: Cadillacs, pickup trucks, even a police cruiser, all squatting near a faded frame building whose rusty sign urges consumption of a local beer. A visitor knocks on the front door, mumbles a greeting and is ushered inside and down a long hallway. Another door opens, and for an instant the heart quickens and pupils contract at the sudden glare, the smell of money and the hint of violence.

The room is stale and blue with cigarette smoke but it has a kinetic feel to it, and Danny DiLiberto, Danny D, is the center of attention as he stalks the rich, green-felt billiard table. Men in chairs with paper bags of money between their legs, men perched languidly on tables, men leaning at odd angles in a corner, all stare at Danny D as he considers his next shot. After 30-odd hours, two nights and a day, against a variety of changing partners, at times no longer caring about winning or losing but shooting on instinct, his mind filling with the combinations and possibilities, Danny D now

BY

**BARRY McDERMOTT**





has the shot to end it. His opponent is shirtless and slouching, looking bored and insolent, a young, redheaded boy of about 20, an amateur boxer with teeth too big for his freckled face. Danny D is playing him one pocket, the champagne game to some pool hustlers, spotting the kid two balls. Now he needs one more to win the game and go "five ahead," meaning five games ahead in the series, which means victory in the match.

He can play safe, or try a difficult cut shot on the 9 ball. If successful, he and his partner Sugar Shack collect \$1,000. If Danny D misses, the kid surely won't. This is what pool is all about: action. The ball either goes in or it stays out.

"Nine ball," calls Danny D as Sugar Shack straightens up in his chair. There is a soft click and the yellow and white ball slips through an opening, edges up to the pocket and falls with a soft plop. Almost simultaneously a pool stick slams down on the table—thwack!—and splinters into pieces. "Don't worry," says the kid with a crooked grin, holding the jagged stub of the shattered cue in one hand. "I'm just mad at myself."

It might have been a typical incident in Danny D's life. Who knows? Pool shooters have many stories to tell, some of them true, some of them perhaps shaded a bit. Danny DiLiberto, runner-up in the 1972 U.S. Open and one of the five best straight-pool players in the world, is a man who bought the dream, then found out that not only was it not worth the price, but worse—all sales are final. Now he slumps back and says with closed eyes. "How'd we do?"

"We've got about \$2,800," says Sugar Shack. "Whaddaya think?"

"I think just keep right on goin' to Albuquerque because we've worn out our welcome and I don't think the sheriff is the only one with a gun in here."

That was a couple of years ago. Danny D is still figuring the score and looking for an edge in a world of perfidy, affecting disguises, playing dumb and shooting smart, a chameleon fitting into the background with a makeup kit filled with jars of decent and trickery. His greatest satisfaction is that he is not a "square,"



or a "wucker," the pool shooter's demeaning terms for those who work for a living and curse their W-2 forms, or a "goo-gan," which is a square pool shooter. But he is 42 years old and does not know if he will be a winner or a loser tomorrow—and he realizes that he must go on making his way in the shadows, as unobtrusively as possible, never really showing himself. On the rare occasions when he does, Danny D is a kitchen insect caught in sudden light, skittering away, hoping that a pool stick will not split his skull—thwack. "Every pool player in a local joint looks at Danny and wishes he could live his life," says Sugar Shack, a huge man with a thickening waist and an unsweetened look about him (the fierce countenance and allusions to Sugar Shack's arsenal of guns are what Danny calls "my deterrent to the violence"). "They have no idea. It's sad, but he can't let go of it because the saddest thing of all is a pool player without a game."

The British philosopher Herbert Spencer is credited with saying, "To play billiards well is a sign of a mispent youth." Danny's youth was spent in Buffalo, where he idolized his older brother, envied his ability to turn the 9 ball into a \$5 bill—and ignored his admonition to stay out of the pool hall. On Sundays

Danny would send someone to church with his collection envelope while he practiced. Eventually he was the city champion, what pool players call "a shortstop," the best of local talent. He moved on and for 25 years has existed mostly by his wits and temerity.

Now he lives in Hollywood, Fla., working on his second marriage and his first million, a short, trimly built man with a mustache and strands of gray woven in his hair, a nasal, singsong manner of speech, bad posture and a rocking sort of gait. If he ever had a time clock inside of him, it long ago rusted, although for a spell he did try working, talking his way into a job as a draftsman, then doing the unfamiliar work at home by copying from library books. He also was a manager of door-to-door kitchenware salesmen and made a good living from that, but found the paychecks could not buy what he needed—which is mostly time. Every top player requires daily practice to keep the indecision out of his stroke, and selling pots and pans kept DiLiberto away from the gently rolling balls. "I missed pool," says Danny with a shrug. "I missed not being in dead stroke, even though I'm not so sure that pool isn't a rejection of life. It's like trying to build a pile of toothpicks into a lumber pile. You hope

*continued*

## HARD WAY

continued

to be good enough to catch lightning."

Every so often Hollywood will present a romanticized version of a pool player's life, put a Paul Newman in the lead and call it something like *The Hustler*. In such movies there is always a lot of money involved and the good guy, the good player, always seems to win by the time the closing credits roll. In actual life, it might be better to be lucky than good, although it does help if you can run the rack. Danny D says that the most money he ever saw in a game was in Detroit—\$247,000 in the room when the police broke down the door. But mostly it is a life of nickels and dimes, trying to scuffle enough to pay the bills and mollify your backers while dodging the police, the losers and lopsided luck. It's not easy. A few years ago at a self-proclaimed "hustlers' tournament" in Johnson City, Ill., lawmen swooped down, padlocked the doors and confiscated a bunch of cash and several Eldorados.

P. T. Barnum said, "There's a sucker born every minute," but the fact is not many of them play pool, and the ones that do are chary and suspicious. The real hustle is this: the hustlers usually hustle one another. The rich squares are reserved for country-club gin rummy games. "The trouble with millionaires is that it's not a fluke that they're rich," says Danny. "The googans and the squares call us hustlers, but we don't like their tone when they say it. Every once in a while we dress up like penguins and perform on television, but they don't tell you about the hotels that padlock a player's room until he pays his bill."

"It seems like we open one door, and right behind it is another, and another and another."

"It isn't our fault that we have to fake, lie in the weeds and try to hustle someone. We're athletes and we can't get a game. We're honorable people. Everybody is a hustler to some extent, a stockbroker, a salesman, the mayor of a city. Did you see that movie where the sailor and the rich woman get tossed up on an island? Then they were equal. If I were shipwrecked on an island, I wouldn't want to be with the president of Standard Oil. I'd want to be with Cornbread Red."

"Pool players ought to work for the FBI. Talk about *The Sting*. I've grown a beard, smeared grease on my face, driv-

en up to a place that is nowhere, limped in the door and the first thing a guy says to me is, 'Aren't you Danny DeLiberto?' I've had a gun aimed at me, and I've had to fight my way out of spots. I beat a guy once 26 games of eight ball. He won one and he quit. He said, 'I just wanted to win one.'"

"It's impossible to figure. You have to figure out suckers, then you have to worry about what will make them quit. You have to worry about the 'knockers,' the 'eyeballs' and the 'wealers.' Those are the guys that just watch. They sit there and whisper to a guy that he can't beat you and the guy quits."

As a man grows older and more proficient at his work, his opportunities for advancement normally increase, but the opposite is true for a pool player. It is rare that you find a pool player who ever accumulates anything other than empty dreams and promises, because when pool players reach their peak and become famous, they find that no one will play them. The saddest thing is not having a game, so they accept bad games and take chances. One of the early world champions, Emmet Blankenship, wound up as a sodden, one-armed hobo. The legend has it that he was bitten on the hand in a fight and drank away the pain. Infection and amputation followed; one might say that he lost his arm to drink, but he lost his soul to pool. Ralph Greenleaf, 14 times a world champion and a man who could make his cue stick talk, finished broken and a heavy drinker, dead at 50. Willie Mosconi once made 526 straight balls and he led Greenleaf in world titles, but he had a stroke in 1957 and retired to the exhibition circuit. Even Danny D finds himself relegated to the exhibition song and dance occasionally, and one of the best players in the world, Steve Mizerak, teaches school in New Jersey. Probably the only one who makes a good living from the game is Rudolf Walter Wanderone Jr., Minnesota Fats. Wanderone used to be called New York Fats, but he changed his first name after *The Hustler* came out, and he became a celebrity.

Some species of animals have the disconcerting habit of eating their young, and pool players can be carnivorous toward their own, also. They seem bent on mutual destruction. "Everybody's a knocker," says Danny D. "Somebody

gets something going, and right away the other guys are knocking. We don't have any organization. Every time we try, everybody knocks it."

Danny D can hustle at other things besides pool. Bowling alleys once had pool tables the way most country clubs boast tennis courts. Danny D is an excellent bowler who once rolled a 300 game in the afternoon, then ran off 200 balls on the pool table that evening. He also played a fair game of baseball around Buffalo as a strong-armed outfielder who had tryouts with two major league teams. He does tricks with a golf ball. He can throw one 125 yards, can sail it through a man's upraised arms for a field goal from 110 yards away and can roll it dead against a wall from 90 feet. He knows a player who can bank a billiard ball into a pocket using his nose for a cue, and another who can spit the cue ball from his mouth and run the table. He knows a fellow in North Carolina nicknamed "Mountain" who butts walls with his head. "I've got a guy I'm going to take up there to butt heads with him," says Danny. "My man once dented a car bumper with his head."

Frustration hangs around a pool hustler as surely as chalk slides on the end of a cue. Bobby Riggs is lionized for his shrewd hustles; pitchers like Whitey Ford are considered cunning for being able to outwit umpires with doctored baseballs; golfer Lee Trevino brings chuckles when he reminisces about his hustling days with a Dr Pepper bottle. In general, athletes are praised for their guile if they can circumvent the rules, but there is something about a pool shark that people will not forgive. Danny D is a hit on the college exhibition circuit with his array of trick shots. "All the kids love me," he says wistfully, "but 10 years later, after they've got the business suit, they don't want to talk to you."

Reality to a pool player is this: if the bet is even he has a 50% chance of losing. A pool player always wants "the nuts," meaning the best of the wager, ideally a cinch bet. Danny D carries tailored scraps of paper with him that list "spots" around the country, places where a hustler can walk in, tell a few stories and get a game that will reward him for the trouble he has taken to get there. "A player will tell another about a spot," says Danny D. "He will talk about the short-

stop, how he will be dressed, how much money he will have on a certain day, what his best game is and where he will be sitting in the room."

Thus, on a chilly night in late November, DiLiberto is huddled down in the front seat of his car outside a pool hall in a small Florida town, sweating out what he hopes will be a big score that will provide Christmas presents for his family. Inside, Mike Sigel, a New Yorker in his early 20s and Danny D's protégé, so to speak, is playing one pocket with the proprietor, a dour, slovenly man with a cigarette in one corner of his mouth, a sneer on the other. He thinks Sigel is from Ohio, a punk kid to be hustled, and is certain he has "the nuts." After all, the older man is an accomplished player shooting on his own table and playing his favorite game, one pocket, which hustlers think demands more skill than any other. Instead, he is facing a "lemon player," someone disguising his ability. The proprietor, in fact, is the unsuspecting goopin.

On the trip up from Miami, Danny D patiently coached Sigel as to his approach: how to wander into the pool hall 30 minutes before closing, where the owner would be and what he would be wearing, what to say and what the man would answer, how to feign inexperience so the sham would go undetected. Sigel does not have DiLiberto's skill at such ploys; he is too young. But his natural ingenuousness, plus the fact that the parlor owner believes he knows the name and face of every top player in the country, are his credibility. Danny D tells Sigel, a slim, pasty-faced youth with a stark, lean silhouette, "You're going to have it rough when the word goes out on you because no one fits your physical description."

Nothing is more certain in pool than that nothing is as it seems. Danny D once dressed up as a pizza delivery boy, arrived at someone's house with a carton of pies and then joined in the pool game in progress in the den. He has seen enough "business" always to be wary. Business is when a game is crooked, when one of the players is using his "dump stroke" much in the manner of a jockey holding back a horse. Danny D has had friends dump games when he bet on them to win. Afterward they would tell him, "Danny, it's business." He understood.

continued

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## HARD WAY

continued

He remembers one game involving a top hustler who had worked out some business with a player who was several speeds below him in ability. After four hours the men were dead even, and the hustler's nerves were all but jumping out of his skin because he thought the rest of the house was catching on. So he quit, and told his opponent, "You don't play good enough to look like you're beatin' me, and it's stinkin' up the joint."

Inside the Florida pool hall, Mike Sigel was pale and swallowing hard while his opponent shambled around the table, goading him with remarks. Part of a hustler's repertoire is his Don Rickles act. The insults serve a dual purpose, upsetting the opponent but at the same time making him sore enough to want to continue playing, and even to want to return for revenge. Minnesota Fats once won all of a player's money, then won his car. When the crestfallen victim walked out the door, Fats crowed after him: "You came in here a motorist, but

I made a pedestrian out of you." Maybe he'd come back. Sigel's instinct was to dispatch this disagreeable creature with perfect shotmaking, because nothing is as grating as a fool who does not know he is a fool. But Sigel was pulling hard on the reins, hoping to get the ante raised from \$50 a game. He knew it would be a long, slow night as he began to trade games, winning two, dropping a couple, not showing too much too soon.

The young player had \$1,000 on him, 20 barrels' worth. A barrel is one betting unit, and an air barrel is when you are broke and you bet with nothing but air, this is also called shooting with the air rifle or being barreled out. "When you're out of ammo, you got to give up the machine gun," says Danny D. Actually, DeLiberto would prefer to give up the gun, to settle down, but now it is too late. The fringe benefits are too good to give up. Danny D, working on the downside of middle age, is accustomed to getting up mornings when he feels like it, ac-

customed to never feeling a yoke around his neck or having a memo pad on his desk, accustomed to not being accused to anything.

Yet Danny D must sometimes feel like a non-person, not the superb athlete he is. He says that he cannot get a credit card, which is about as anonymous as you can be in this country. The Washington Touchdown Club never calls him and asks if he will be a guest speaker. The people from Mr. Coffee are not on the line inquiring about endorsements, and there probably are not too many pool players being recruited by the Fellowship of Christian Athletes.

Once it looked like a glamorous life, but here he sits in a car outside a pool hall in this little Florida town, three hours into his vigil, waiting for Sigel and telling hustling stories. Like the one about the guy who had two legs severed in an accident. He received a huge insurance settlement and spent most of his time gambling in pool halls, stretching for

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shots from his wheelchair. The hustlers descended like vultures around carrion. "The most heartless thing I ever saw was when a guy would not let him sit on the table to shoot a shot he couldn't reach," says Danny, wiping the steam from inside the driver's window. "The guy said he had to keep one wheel on the floor."

That week Danny D had visited Angelo Dundee in his Miami Beach office. Dundee is Muhammad Ali's trainer, but he also tutored Danny during his days as a boxer on the Florida professional circuit. Danny's story is that he fought under the pseudonym Danny Torriani because his older brother had been a fighter and the family had been dead set against it. Danny made his debut in Tampa against an experienced, heavier foe. In the first round, the seasoned boxer bombed Danny D with blows, but with eight seconds left, the reeling novice uncorked a wild uppercut that might have been stolen from Rocky. The punch caught his adversary flush on the jaw and

dropped him, although the bell saved him from being counted out. In the second round, Danny D took advantage of his opponent's dazed condition and dropped him three straight times, the last time for the 10-count. Danny Torriani was undefeated in 14 fights, with 12 knockouts, a draw and a decision. Unfortunately, he kept breaking his hands, four times to be exact, and a fighter without hands is like a farmer without soil. Just as there are technical knockouts, his was a technical retirement. "You were good, Danny," Dundee told him. "but you weren't lucky."

Once again the question comes up: Is it better to be good, or lucky? For Danny D, too often his payoff comes in memories. He has scrapbooks filled with accounts of his exploits as a baseball player, a fighter, a bowler, a pool player, along with wrinkled pictures of himself posing with Fred Astaire, Peter Falk, Sugar Ray Robinson, Willie Mosconi. As he pores over the yellowed clips, recalling inci-

dents associated with each item, the lines in his face seem to deepen with each turn of the page.

Inside the Florida pool room, DiLaberto's luck once again has taken a dive. After five torturous hours, Sigel was able to get the ante raised to \$100 a game, which was good, but then his stroke ran off and bad, which was bad. No matter how much he narrowed his eyes in concentration, no matter how much he went to the whip, he could do no better than trade games with the pool room owner, who shuffled around the table in a trail of cigarette ashes. Even more vexing, the older man was sinking "harmigans," shots that appeared beyond his ability, and was becoming a chicken bone caught in Sigel's throat. Finally, exasperated, Sigel called it quits when he was \$100 ahead, making a lame excuse that he would return the following evening. "You're smart, kid," sneered his opponent. "You know when to quit. Come back tomorrow night when you're ready to play some

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## HARD WAY

continued

pool, if you have the guts," Sigel walked out, gritting his teeth.

On the return trip to Miami, the atmosphere in the car was leaden as Sigel tried to explain the situation, talked of seeking revenge and cursed his dark luck. Danny D was magnanimous. To him, it was obvious that Sigel's inexperience had cost them. Pool players go to extreme lengths to disrupt their opponents. The great Onofrio Lauri used to sit in his foe's sight line and polish his bald pate with a towel. It is said that Lauri could shine his dome at an opposing player like a searchlight. Sigel had fallen prey to his opponent's gambit much in the way "Fast Eddie," the Paul Newman character from *The Hustler*, did. Newman wound up with his thumbs broken. Sigel was able to get away with \$100, but it had been a costly evening. A good spot had been lost, and it was a dwindling market. "Fighting was easier than this," said Danny D, wincing at a morning sun that was three hours into daylight.

Several days later the pool players are in Dayton for a professional tournament. These events offer only a smidgen of prize money. The big attraction is the chance for some serious playing among the top talent. In the main room are what Danny terms "the gambling degenerates." The room has a squalid air, with a bank of pinball machines blinking on one side, tables covered with empty bottles and coffee cups, a dirty carpet littered with cigarette butts, gum and peanut wrappers and other refuse. As the lower Mississippi piles high with silt, so also does this confluence of hustling tributaries. The room is crowded with people, most of them unkempt and slack-eyed, some standing, others sprawled in chairs or dozing at tables, holding their chins in their hands. Whenever a stranger with shined shoes sits down, the slovenly straighten up and, after a few judicious pauses, inquire gently if the newcomer would "like to play some gin."

On one wall is a NO GAMBLING sign, ubiquitous in pool rooms. Below the sign sits a woman trying to be happy through too much makeup and a hedge of false eyelashes, her attention riveted to a stack of money that keeps growing in front of her as her boyfriend, a dapper fellow in a blue safari suit who is bucking a hot player in the game, keeps handing her more. The woman quickly gathers it into

a neat pile. "This makes me feel just flat super," she says a little too loudly, drawing out the last syllable. "All we do in eastern Kentucky is shoot pool, and make home brew, moonshine and habes. Honey, I've never seen this much money in one place. Look at this!"

"Money to a pool player is like a glass of water," says Joe Burns, a tall, thin man who is the tournament sponsor. "It doesn't mean anything to him unless he doesn't have it. And he needs it every day." Watching the players shoot "payball" at \$50 a ball, Burns compares them to lions in a cage. "If you feed them they'll stay under control, partially. But you need someone in there with them or they'll devour each other."

Standing to the side is a man who makes customized cue sticks. The best ones sell for up to \$1,000. The cue maker was once a hustler, but he got tired of trying to use excitement for collateral. Now, watching the players shoot, he has a wry smile on his face. "They don't have anything to do," he says. "They're just burning up their lives." When one of the flamboyant hustlers begins making droll comments, trying to disguise his embarrassment after flubbing a shot, Danny D says, "He'll put on a show, but he won't win. He burns up \$100,000 a year of his backers' money."

The players are shooting on a snooker table, an oversized surface with small pockets. One hustler, young Jimmy Reid, is shooting barefoot. He pulls a wad of crumpled money from his jeans and asks a bystander to hold it. Danny D is on the sidelines, his eye out for a backer. Rumor has it that one of the Dayton players was recently stalked to a \$100,000 score. "The guy's not a good player, but he's a super lemon player," says Danny D with admiration. "He keeps winning, and players still think they can beat him." At the moment, however, all but one of the players are working a dry well. Denny Searcy, from the San Francisco Bay area, is making the most of his first trip East, a packrat emptying the other commuters' pockets and leaving groans behind. Minnesota Fats once said, "Dressing a pool player in a tuxedo is like putting whipped cream on a hot dog." There are no cummerbunds in this pool room. Searcy, a chunky fellow with the beginnings of a merzanne under his chin, wears old blue corduroys and a T

shirt with a bulging pocket into which he pauses to stuff more bills every time he pockets a payball. Between shots he slouches off to the side, looking uninterested. Joe Burns whispers that as of last night Searcy had \$20,000 from the 70 or so players who had passed through the game. He knew the figure because he had counted the money and locked it in his safe.

Before television shrank the world and skepticism succeeded gullibility, pool players were fancied. In the early years of the century there were 400,000 tables in this country alone. Sir W. S. Gilbert, librettist of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, was a billiards player who made reference to his avocation in his works. In the song from *The Mikado*, "Let the Punishment Fit the Crime," he sentences a culprit to play a game "On a cloth untrue, / With a twisted cue / And elliptical billiard balls." Shakespeare mentioned the game in *Antony and Cleopatra*, and decades ago American newspapers were fascinated by such characters as Tony the Weasel, a Broadway figure who reportedly ran headlong into walls when he lost a match and once became impaled in plaster and lath and had to be executed by the fire department. There is a story that Ralph Greenleaf's wife, Princess Nai Tai Ta, hit him on the forehead with an ashtray and then he sued for divorce, all of which caused the sensitive Greenleaf to arrive in less than satisfactory condition at a 1933 world championship. Slowly, however, the public lost interest in the game, and five-time world champion Irving Crane remarked a few years ago, "Pool is the poorest sport in the world." Today the public gets its excitement from police SWAT teams that do battle every evening at 9 p.m. In Dayton the best pool players in the country went all but unnoticed by the square public.

Now the money is changing hands quickly. A shooter collects double if he sinks all the eligible payballs, and even these professionals are feeling the pressure. Detroit Whitey, once one of the finest shotmakers in the game, eyes an elementary straight-in shot that counts double, and takes aim much longer than usual. When he finally strokes the ball, Whitey jerks spasmodically, his bridge hand flies off the table and his cue stick makes a sickening sound as it scrapes off

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# Caution: Endangered Species

## HARD WAY

continued

the ball. The room falls silent. Detroit Whitey gazes up numbly. There are a few muffled laughs, and everyone is thinking the same thing. After a few minutes, Detroit Whitey all but runs from the room, followed by silent reproach.

In Joe Burns' office, Denny Searcy has a beer and a sandwich, enjoying a respite from the game. He has given another player \$400 to shoot his stick while he rests, and with a shrug he estimates that during the surrogate's fill-in he could lose \$4,000 in potential winnings. "I never figured I'd get tired of shooting pay-balls," he says wearily, "but I am. The table is mine and those guys are mine. It's my game. It's not like I worked for it. It's like free money. Maybe if I worked for it, I wouldn't go out and shoot pool with it. But I don't know. I've never worked. Sometimes I think about it, what it would be like, going to work every day, getting some security. But I don't know. How could someone like me open up a business? What do I know about running a business?"

For the most part, Danny D stays away from the snooker table, figuring rightly that it is no use playing someone like Searcy at his own game. He leaves Dayton with a few hundred dollars in prize money.

Danny D is back in Miami Beach, riding down Collins Avenue in an automobile with Jimmy Rempe, another top player, and Mike Sigel. DiLiberio is asked if he would ever allow his son to become a pool player.

"It would never come to that," he says firmly. "When the time came for him to make that decision, he would have the facts and know it was out of the question. It's not a game to shoot at like being a ballplayer. The only ones who do that are the suck, dumb ones."

"Only a handful of players are making a living at it. I can't complain. Maybe a construction worker makes the same amount of money I do, but he works a lot harder. But I'm not getting rich. A ballplayer makes \$400,000, and he don't have the talent I have. I've had a lot of self-satisfaction and applause, but nothing in relation to other sports. It's just a perversion. It's like bettin' \$100 on a horse and he don't run good at all. Then he runs again and you think you have to bet him again. You just keep putting good

money after bad like a lot of horseplayers do. But I put so much into the game, it's hard to get out of it. You wind up doing it out of passion."

As the car passes the luxurious yachts moored in the canal off Collins Avenue, the three players become children with their noses pressed against a candy-store window, looking but never touching. The mood becomes even more melancholy. "Well, what do we care?" Danny D says airily. "What do we care about yachts and all that? We live like millionaires anyway."

"Yeah," agrees Rempe spiritlessly. "But always under the pressure. I mean, that's the way we live. Always under the pressure..."

A couple of days later the three are sitting hunched up on a jetty of rocks jutting out into Biscayne Bay. Danny D's boat had broken down the day before and had to be towed to shore by the Coast Guard and then, on the way to the repair shop, the boat trailer had a flat tire. The mid-December air is chilly. Off to one side they can make out the Palm Bay Club, where golfer Ray Floyd, the 1976 Masters champion, has a sumptuous apartment. Nearby they can see the Jockey Club, where millionaires and sports celebrities litter the tennis courts. The three are forlorn as they throw their lines out into the water and sit patiently waiting for a nibble. It seems as if they always are waiting for nibbles, and from small fish.

Danny tries to change the mood by talking about going on the college exhibition circuit. And there is the newly formed World Nine-Ball Association, of which all three players are members. There is hope for a new West Coast tournament that will offer some real prize money, and a possible television series. It wasn't Palm Bay Club stuff, but at least it could be a start. In addition, Danny D had been working a bar for over a year, setting up the patrons for a \$1,000 bet that he could not throw a golf ball over a nearby canal. He cashed in on that one. And there is a spot just ripe to be taken up in Georgia. As Danny D talks of his tinsel, a man walks out of a house nearby, carrying a box of outdoor Christmas decorations that he begins to set up. He is a square, and it is his day off from work. Neither side gives the other a glance.

END



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# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week July 25-31

**BOATING**—BIL MUNCIE drove his unfurled tow-plane Atlas Van Lue to an average speed of 114.89 mph to win his sixth Gold Cup victory in Tri-Cities, Wash., beating Mickey Remond in Miss Rivermaster. Muncie's qualifying speed of 178.118 mph on the 2½-mile Columbia River course set an Amateur Power Boat Association Gold Cup record.

**BOXING**—CARLOS MONZON retained his world midweight boxing title with a 15-round decision over Roldo Valdez in Monte Carlo (page 20).

**PRO FOOTBALL**—A 38-yard return of an intercepted pass for a touchdown by Don Rivers was the big play in the Chicago Bears' 20-6 defeat of the New York Jets in the Hall of Fame game at Canton, Ohio.

**GOLF**—JERRY McGUIRE landed an eagle-putted 69 final round for a 272 total and a five-stroke \$400,000 victory over John Laser and Bob Shearer in the \$200,000 Philadelphia Golf Classic.

**SHRILL**—AUSTIN shot a four-under-par 69 final round for a 211 total to win the \$75,000 Polara (p. 61). Nashville Golf Classic, Austin's one-stroke victory over Sam Alia Fox was worth \$11,000.

**HARNESS RACING**—SPEED IN ACTION (p. 54) had with Ed Miller driving, won the \$100,000 Founder's Gold Cup Trot at Vernon Downs in a race record 1:57½ (page 52).

**HORSE RACING**—STUBB (p. 48) Ron Turcott up, won the \$104,790 Sovereign Stakes for 3-year-old fillies in Monmouth Park by three-quarters of a length, covering the race in 1:11½.

**MOTOR SPORTS**—NIKI LAUDA averaged 129.8 mph as he drove his Ferrari 312 to victory in the German Grand Prix ahead of Jody Scheckter's Wolf-Go. Lauda completed 47 laps of the 4.2-mile Hockenheim course—used this year after Lauda's near fatal crash in the Nürburgring in this race last year—in 1:31.48.

**BENNY PARSONS** averaged a record-breaking 138.178 mph to win the 100-mile Grand National stock car race at Pocono (p. 1) International Raceway. After 206 laps of the triangular 2.5-mile oval, Parsons' Chevrolet crossed the finish line only .014 second ahead of Richard Petty's Dodge.

**JOHN NY RUTHERFORD** survived a jet collision and crashed to a race-winning victory over Gordon Johncock in the Atlantic City 200 U.S.A.C. race in Texas.

Rutherford qualified his McLaren C-owarts on the front row with a speed of 205.421 mph, but averaged 164.181 mph on the two-mile Texas World Speedway oval in College Station because of caution flags.

**SOCER**—His undebated assurances of playoff berth were features of last week's NASL play. Seattle's Tommy Ord scored his three goals in the Sounders' 4-1 triumph over Conaeract, while George Chiragha had three scores and one assist in the Cosmos' 8-2 drubbing of Washington. George Best had a goal and an assist in Los Angeles' 3-2 win over Las Vegas. Later in the week the Earthquakes beat the Azules 3-2 in overtime, with Best getting another assist. His 17th of the season 94 has two more regular season games to go as best Player's league record of 18. Rochester clinched a playoff berth by downing Seattle 2-1, and Vancouver did the same in a 3-0 shutout of Washington. Fort Lauderdale lost in Chicago 2-1, but the Shamblers saved themselves of first place in the Eastern Division by beating the Sting 3-0 later in the week. Minnesota's delayed Chidin 2-1 and went on to clinch first in the Western Division by downing Las Vegas 4-3, a game in which Allen Wiley recorded his second hat trick of the year. Dallas remained in first in the Southern Division by beating Portland 2-1 in a shutout. Toronto moved into the Northern Division lead as Diego Vaher got four goal goals and an assist in the Mexico 8-1 upset Vancouver. Commissioner Phil Wooten has ruled that the July 21 Toronto-S. Louis game called for breaking is to be wiped from the slate and replayed.

**SWIMMING**—DAVID MORGAN, 17, of Scarborough, Yorkshire, became the youngest person to swim the English Channel when he swam from Dover to Wissant in 11 hours and five minutes.

**TENNIS**—WTT Eastern Division leader Brian downed Phoenix in Western counterparts, 28-20 in three of 8,924 the largest home crowd ever for the Lobsters. In the match, Martina Navratilova beat Chris Evert 6-4 for her 11th consecutive victory. Live shot of the WTT record. The Racquets came back to defeat Cleveland 26-24 in overtime in Beach Walk won 6-1 over Bjorn Borg. It was Borg's only single loss of the week, however, and he remains the men's singles leader with 178 victories. However, Borg's mixed doubles debut with favorite Martina Simonescu proved this love does not enquire all they lost to Boston's Mike Estep and Grant Siemen, 6-4. The Lobsters, 3-0 during the week, won 27-15. New York 1½ games behind Boston, was also undefeated, beating Phoenix 22-16 and Western elite Javelier Los Angeles 29-18. L.A. also lost to Golden Gate, 29-21. Sea Port 25-16 and split a two-match se-

ries with San Diego 25-24 and 24-29 to finish the week 3½ games behind Phoenix.

**TRACK & FIELD**—Olympic champion JOHN WALKER ran the year's fastest 1500 at an international meet in Stockholm. His time of 3:41.1 was 1.9 off British Ray's world record.

**VOLLEYBALL**—Santa Barbara ended El Paso's three-game winning streak with a three-game sweep that tied the Spartans with Orange County for the Western Division lead. Denver tops in the Continental Division opened its longest road trip of the season by beating Phoenix, then won the first game against San Diego to extend its streak to 13. The defending champion Breakers rallied to take the next game and with the match in the Mexican Jammers recovered from some ankle ligament, reappeared Tawson and helped end its losing streak as five by scoring 22 kills in 35 attempts, including the Breakers to another three-game shutout of El Paso's Jammers and into a six-set decisive place.

**WRESTLING**—HIRE LARRY HILLMAN, 49, to coach the WHA Wrestling Jets. Hillman, who was a defensive end on five Stanley Cup teams and played for the Jets in 1975-76, replaces Bobby Kramen, who has taken over as coach of the NHL Denver Red Wings.

**RETIRED LARRY BROWN**, 26-year-old AUP Pro running back for the Washington Redskins. An eighth-round draft choice in 1969, Brown was NFL Player of the Year in 1972, played in four Pro Bowls and became the third man in NFL history to gain more than 5,000 yards rushing in his first five seasons. Brown will reappear with the Redskins as a public relations man.

**SHIFTED**—THE NEW YORK NETS franchise, from Utica, N.Y. to New Jersey. The Nets will play at the Rutgers University gymnasium in Piscataway for two years while an arena is being built at the Meadowlands complex in East Rutherford. A suit has been filed by Long Island's Nassau Veterans Memorial Coliseum, which the Nets played since 1972, in an attempt to block the move.

**DIED**—CHRISTOPHER ALB BATTALINO, 49, in Hartford, Conn. The world featherweight champion from 1929 to 1932, Battalino won 51 of 63 bouts before retiring in 1940.

## CREDITS

24—Jim Balaban; Chuck Bell; 25—Miguel Ballester; 26—Glen Bell; 27—28—Warren Borge; 29—Chuck Pratt; 30—Tommy; 31—Piper Hall; 32—33—34—35—36—37—38—39—40—41—42—43—44—45—46—47—48—49—50—51—52—53—54—55—56—57—58—59—60—61—62—63—64—65—66—67—68—69—70—71—72—73—74—75—76—77—78—79—80—81—82—83—84—85—86—87—88—89—90—91—92—93—94—95—96—97—98—99—100—101—102—103—104—105—106—107—108—109—110—111—112—113—114—115—116—117—118—119—120—121—122—123—124—125—126—127—128—129—130—131—132—133—134—135—136—137—138—139—140—141—142—143—144—145—146—147—148—149—150—151—152—153—154—155—156—157—158—159—160—161—162—163—164—165—166—167—168—169—170—171—172—173—174—175—176—177—178—179—180—181—182—183—184—185—186—187—188—189—190—191—192—193—194—195—196—197—198—199—200—201—202—203—204—205—206—207—208—209—210—211—212—213—214—215—216—217—218—219—220—221—222—223—224—225—226—227—228—229—230—231—232—233—234—235—236—237—238—239—240—241—242—243—244—245—246—247—248—249—250—251—252—253—254—255—256—257—258—259—260—261—262—263—264—265—266—267—268—269—270—271—272—273—274—275—276—277—278—279—280—281—282—283—284—285—286—287—288—289—290—291—292—293—294—295—296—297—298—299—300—301—302—303—304—305—306—307—308—309—310—311—312—313—314—315—316—317—318—319—320—321—322—323—324—325—326—327—328—329—330—331—332—333—334—335—336—337—338—339—340—341—342—343—344—345—346—347—348—349—350—351—352—353—354—355—356—357—358—359—360—361—362—363—364—365—366—367—368—369—370—371—372—373—374—375—376—377—378—379—380—381—382—383—384—385—386—387—388—389—390—391—392—393—394—395—396—397—398—399—400—401—402—403—404—405—406—407—408—409—410—411—412—413—414—415—416—417—418—419—420—421—422—423—424—425—426—427—428—429—430—431—432—433—434—435—436—437—438—439—440—441—442—443—444—445—446—447—448—449—450—451—452—453—454—455—456—457—458—459—460—461—462—463—464—465—466—467—468—469—470—471—472—473—474—475—476—477—478—479—480—481—482—483—484—485—486—487—488—489—490—491—492—493—494—495—496—497—498—499—500—501—502—503—504—505—506—507—508—509—510—511—512—513—514—515—516—517—518—519—520—521—522—523—524—525—526—527—528—529—530—531—532—533—534—535—536—537—538—539—540—541—542—543—544—545—546—547—548—549—550—551—552—553—554—555—556—557—558—559—560—561—562—563—564—565—566—567—568—569—570—571—572—573—574—575—576—577—578—579—580—581—582—583—584—585—586—587—588—589—590—591—592—593—594—595—596—597—598—599—600—601—602—603—604—605—606—607—608—609—610—611—612—613—614—615—616—617—618—619—620—621—622—623—624—625—626—627—628—629—630—631—632—633—634—635—636—637—638—639—640—641—642—643—644—645—646—647—648—649—650—651—652—653—654—655—656—657—658—659—660—661—662—663—664—665—666—667—668—669—670—671—672—673—674—675—676—677—678—679—680—681—682—683—684—685—686—687—688—689—690—691—692—693—694—695—696—697—698—699—700—701—702—703—704—705—706—707—708—709—710—711—712—713—714—715—716—717—718—719—720—721—722—723—724—725—726—727—728—729—730—731—732—733—734—735—736—737—738—739—740—741—742—743—744—745—746—747—748—749—750—751—752—753—754—755—756—757—758—759—760—761—762—763—764—765—766—767—768—769—770—771—772—773—774—775—776—777—778—779—780—781—782—783—784—785—786—787—788—789—790—791—792—793—794—795—796—797—798—799—800—801—802—803—804—805—806—807—808—809—810—811—812—813—814—815—816—817—818—819—820—821—822—823—824—825—826—827—828—829—830—831—832—833—834—835—836—837—838—839—840—841—842—843—844—845—846—847—848—849—850—851—852—853—854—855—856—857—858—859—860—861—862—863—864—865—866—867—868—869—870—871—872—873—874—875—876—877—878—879—880—881—882—883—884—885—886—887—888—889—890—891—892—893—894—895—896—897—898—899—900—901—902—903—904—905—906—907—908—909—910—911—912—913—914—915—916—917—918—919—920—921—922—923—924—925—926—927—928—929—930—931—932—933—934—935—936—937—938—939—940—941—942—943—944—945—946—947—948—949—950—951—952—953—954—955—956—957—958—959—960—961—962—963—964—965—966—967—968—969—970—971—972—973—974—975—976—977—978—979—980—981—982—983—984—985—986—987—988—989—990—991—992—993—994—995—996—997—998—999—1000—1001—1002—1003—1004—1005—1006—1007—1008—1009—1010—1011—1012—1013—1014—1015—1016—1017—1018—1019—1020—1021—1022—1023—1024—1025—1026—1027—1028—1029—1030—1031—1032—1033—1034—1035—1036—1037—1038—1039—1040—1041—1042—1043—1044—1045—1046—1047—1048—1049—1050—1051—1052—1053—1054—1055—1056—1057—1058—1059—1060—1061—1062—1063—1064—1065—1066—1067—1068—1069—1070—1071—1072—1073—1074—1075—1076—1077—1078—1079—1080—1081—1082—1083—1084—1085—1086—1087—1088—1089—1090—1091—1092—1093—1094—1095—1096—1097—1098—1099—1100—1101—1102—1103—1104—1105—1106—1107—1108—1109—1110—1111—1112—1113—1114—1115—1116—1117—1118—1119—1120—1121—1122—1123—1124—1125—1126—1127—1128—1129—1130—1131—1132—1133—1134—1135—1136—1137—1138—1139—1140—1141—1142—1143—1144—1145—1146—1147—1148—1149—1150—1151—1152—1153—1154—1155—1156—1157—1158—1159—1160—1161—1162—1163—1164—1165—1166—1167—1168—1169—1170—1171—1172—1173—1174—1175—1176—1177—1178—1179—1180—1181—1182—1183—1184—1185—1186—1187—1188—1189—1190—1191—1192—1193—1194—1195—1196—1197—1198—1199—1200—1201—1202—1203—1204—1205—1206—1207—1208—1209—1210—1211—1212—1213—1214—1215—1216—1217—1218—1219—1220—1221—1222—1223—1224—1225—1226—1227—1228—1229—1230—1231—1232—1233—1234—1235—1236—1237—1238—1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## TODDLIN'

Sir

Being a Chicago baseball fan (*Ch, Oh My!* July 25) is not a pastime. It is a vocation, a way of life. At a very young age, a Cub or Sox fan learns that pennants are something other teams win. And while the meek may inherit the earth, they have a helluva time turning the double play. Frustration becomes the norm. Disappointment is the constant condition.

But then comes the summer of '77, and we find that the sun sometimes shines on those who persevere, and that some of the drops in the lake of life do sparkle, even in Chicago.

WILLIAM E. CARLEY  
Chicago

Sir,

Ten summers ago I wrote *Sil* to extol the virtues of Eddie Starky and his "hulless wonders." Unfortunately, the mound aridity of Joel Horlen and Gary Peters did not prove to be enough to carry the *Chuxox* to the pennant. The '77 version of the White Sox, however, is another story. With Wilbur Wood back in form, Richie Zink and company should have no trouble keeping up the pace through October. When the Series comes to Comiskey Park this fall, you can be sure I'll be there.

JOHN HETH  
Columbia, S.C.

Sir

In your article you failed to mention Jack Brickhouse, the Cubs' commentator. Brickhouse sounds more colorful on TV than Harry Caray, by far.

After all, a "holy cow" feeds on "hey, hey."

T. FLURMAN  
Barrington, Ill.

Sir

Thank you for the fine article on the amazing Cubs and Sox. Thanks even more for keeping them off your cover.

RIN ZAHLEMAN  
Franklin Park, Ill.

Sir

Only three things are definite in America today: death, taxes and the Cubs choking.

BOB JACKSON  
Los Angeles

Sir

It is nice to see teams winning that did not sign any spoiled, rich crybaby free agents.

DAVE NAGLE  
Gladyne, Pa.

Sir

It's a shame Peter Gammons had to further tarnish Chicago's steadfast fans with his roseate story. The fact is, they are in for a

worse letdown than 1973: only this time the perpetrators will be the Rangers and the Pirates.

BUCKY FOX  
Beaumont, Texas

Sir

At the start of the season, you guys picked the White Sox and Cubs to finish fifth in their divisions. I'm glad to see that you're willing to eat some crow.

If Chicago has a subway Series this October, watch for a World Series even more exciting than the one in 1975.

Now, if the Bears can get into the Super Bowl.

MICHAEL J. McNAMER  
Orlando, Fla.

Sir

This is one of those "I enjoyed it, but..." letters. Peter Gammons put together a fine story about the Chicago Two. However, he has contributed to the furtherance of the anonymity of Harry Steinfield. Gammons mentions the entire infield of today's Cubbies and the fine infield of several years ago. In his reference to the great infield of the 1908 Cubs, though, he names only the triumvirate of Tinker, Evers and Chance, completely ignoring good ol' Harry over there holding down the hot corner.

Franklin Pierce Adams of the old New York Globe immortalized the "Tro of Bear Cubs: flecter than birds, Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance." Adams, Gammons and countless writers in between have conspired to ignore Harry. In 1908, the Cubs, led by Mordecai (Three Finger) Brown's 29-9 record, won the pennant and then the World Series, beating Ty Cobb's Tigers in two games. What about Harry? During the 1908 season, Harry Steinfield got more hits in more games than either Evers or first baseman Chance. He had more homers than Evers. Clearly a dangerous hitter, he was a significant fourth member of an infield that had a league-leading .669 fielding average.

On this, the 101st anniversary of Harry's birth, let's not completely forget him. Give em hell, Harry!

SAID MORRIS  
Omaha

Sir

You failed to mention one important fact about an intracity World Series. This year the three National League Series games are scheduled to be night games. But if the Cubs win the pennant, those games will have to be played in the afternoon, as Wrigley Field has no lights.

If, as some say, part of baseball's problem

is its submission to television's commercialism, then the Cubs will have pulled the great evil upon of all.

CHRISTINE BRUNNAN  
Toledo

Sir

I thought that your article on the booming Chicago baseball teams was very well done except for one thing: You neglected to give credit in any way to Bob Lemon, the manager of the unbelievable White Sox.

J. DOHERTY DALY  
Providence

## DOBLER

Sir

Have we all gone stark raving mad ("Til Do Anything I Can Get Away With," July 25)? Since when is there controlled violence, as Conrad Dobler terms it? Violence is violence in every sense of the word.

People don't play for the sport of the game anymore—they play to kill. Where has compassion for others gone?

RLITA MARTIN  
Mill Hall, Pa.

Sir

Thank you for an insight into an excellent offensive lineman.

STEVE FOSTER  
Capertino, Calif.

Sir

It is my opinion that Dobler should hang up his fangs and retire.

COLIN CAMPBELL  
Eden, N.Y.

Sir

I thoroughly enjoyed Daphne Hurford's article. What pro football needs is more Conrad Doblars.

DAVID WATFIELD  
Cortland, N.Y.

Sir

Your cover picture, headline and article about Conrad Dobler left me terribly disappointed about your editorial judgment. Why even mention a person who believes "rules are made to be broken"?

It is this ethic that has degraded pro hockey to the level of alley bawling on ice skates. With this kind of publicity, you encourage the same kind of hotheadism in pro football.

JOSEPH M. VALERIO  
Rochester, N.Y.

## OPEN AND SHUT

Sir

"Their name liveth forever more."

What a magnificent and fitting close to your British Open story: *A Brave Brand For Tom and Jack*, July 18!

This march of the ages linked with the past

and played in the present captured the antiquity, the timelessness of golf, and displayed the drama and tension always inherent in this greatest of games.

I am sure that all golfers, fans and followers of this match must sense that a phantom inscription is now on the Turnberry stone.

I submit it includes the names of Tom Watson and Jack Nicklaus, as well as their chronicler Dan Jenkins.

MAURICE B. KLEARY JR.  
Bethel Park, Pa.

Sir

Because Dan Jenkins is one of my all-time favorite writers, I looked forward to his account of the British Open duel between Nicklaus and Watson. As he suggested, Watson has established himself as a great player who will probably win many more major championships before he trades in his wedge for a walking stick.

But Dan's "obituary" on Jack is probably premature. This isn't the first time Jack has been written off. I particularly recall the recent dominance of Johnny Miller and Lee Trevino in some majors, when everyone wondered where Jack was. Well, he's still here, and maybe the reason everyone is wondering why Jack is having such a "bad" year—second at Augusta, second at Turnberry and more than \$200,000 in winnings this year—is because he expects to win every tournament, and everyone expects him to win. He's just in a slump by himself.

DALEAN CLARK  
Greenville, N.C.

#### GRASS SKIN

Sir

From reading your recent article about snowless skies (Stern Turn Through the Furlops, July 25) I have come to the conclusion that if the drought keeps up, these will be the hottest items in the West. What is the price of these skins?

MIKE MAXWELL  
Alamo, Calif.

• It's about \$110 a pair at Refle Ski Canada, Ltd., Montreal.—ED

#### MARLIN

Sir

Having been a sports fisherman for several years and having hooked several blue marlin but never boated one, I thoroughly enjoyed Stanley Meizloff's informative article (Like a Neon Shadow in the Sea, July 25). However, Mr. Meizloff failed to mention that the current world record for Atlantic blue marlin is 1,142 pounds. The record fish was caught off Oregon later, which is dubbed the marlin capital of the world by many.

JOHN C. STANLEY JR.  
Richmond

Sir

Although he is a fine painter, Stanley Meizloff needs to do a bit more research on underwater hillfish photography. His statement,

(continued)

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Quite a bit. A spark plug is what starts the gasoline burning in your car's engine. The better the burn, the better your mileage. Or to state it another way, if your plugs are worn or fouled, they will be wasting gasoline every time they fail to fire. Before long, your car is using more gas than it should. And you get to pay.

## How can you tell when it's time for fresh plugs?

Plug wear is a slow, steady process. So there's no drastic jump in gas consumption to give you the word. However, we have found that in most cars a plug should be good for 10,000 to 12,000 miles. After that, it's time to replace.

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## 19TH HOLE (continued)

"No one as far as I know had ever observed the blue marlin beneath the seal" is far from correct. Many photographers have.

JACK SAMSON  
New York

## UP AND OVER

As the world's greatest high-jump freak, I enjoyed Marsh Clark's article on Vladimir Yashchenko (Just an Old-Fashioned Lad July 25), the 18-year-old Soviet high jumper who broke Dwight Stones' record (which was by the way 7' 7 1/2", not 7' 7 1/4", as your article stated). Up until a few weeks ago, Stones' competition was, let's face it, hardly size-studied. But with Yashchenko on the scene we see a whole new picture. I just hope that at the World Cup this September in Düsseldorf the Russians have enough pride in their newfound record breaker to march him against a proven champion—Stones.

BON MITTS  
Pensacola, Fla.

## BARE KNUCKLES

Your article (Fight On! And On and On July 25) was superb. For two men to fight bareknived for four hours is remarkable. If boxers were conditioned like that today, you would see better fights.

DAN SUMMIDY  
Sapulpa, Okla.

So. As a professional boxer, I must admit the article left me breathless.

WAYNE KELLY  
Franklin Square, N.Y.

## RAGE TO LIVE

Douglas Chadwick's *The Grizzly's Rage to Live* (July 18) was a magnificent article. I too was in the Flathead Valley during the fall of 1976, and raised many a cold one to the legend that was the Grizzly Griz.

After reading the article, I was stunned at the similarity between the Grizzly Grizzly and another so-called outlaw—Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce. Both were pacifist-minded activists because of encroachment on their homeland. Chief Joseph was quoted as saying, "I claim a right to live on my land and accord you the privilege to live on yours." I suspect the Grizzly Grizzly was trying to tell us exactly the same thing, and in so doing he made fools out of a vastly superior force of government hunters, just as Chief Joseph did.

The lure of Canadian freedom proved to be the undoing of both of these heroes. Let us hope that they did not die in vain.

GEORGES ENGEL  
Atlanta

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